

Lilly.

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ἔνθα βουλαὶ μὲν γερόντων καὶ νέων ἀνδρῶν ἄμειλλαι
καὶ χοροὶ καὶ Μοῖσα καὶ ἀγλαΐα.

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Table of Contents.

1. SHAKSPEARE AND CIVILIZATION—Prize Essay,	-	-	1
2. ARE WE SATISFIED?	-	-	11
3. MY RIVER—Poetry,	-	-	18
4. DARK DAYS OF THE DRAMA,	-	-	21
5. SCHILLER,	-	-	24
6. MENTAL FOOD,	-	-	30
7. SOLITUDE AND SOCIETY,	-	-	34
8. FRAGMENTS FROM THE HISTORY OF THE LIT.,	-	-	42
9. PRESENT AND FUTURE,	-	-	45
10. REVIEWS,	-	-	52
11. OLLA-PODRIDA,	-	-	54

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SHAKSPEARE AND CIVILIZATION.

PRIZE ESSAY BY DAVID R. SESSIONS, S. C., '70.

The genius of Shakspeare is but partially evinced in the nature and power of his works, if they be taken out of their place and influence in history. The more confirmatory proof, and that without which the argument for his genius must remain incomplete, is drawn from experience. Indeed we can never appreciate the great dramatist fully, untill we behold him *alive*, a great regulating, controlling power in the civilization of the world. By civilization we mean the central idea of history, "in which all others are merged and condensed, and from which they all derive their importance." Literature is the chief means of advancing civilization. It embodies thought, feeling, emotion—the life of humanity, as we may say—and hence possesses the greatest influence in the social, moral, and intellectual development of the race.

Literature is the medium through which the vast soul of Shakspeare communes with mankind. To determine his

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influence—actual and probable—upon civilization through literature, is therefore the aim of this essay. To exhibit the theme in its completeness would be impossible: it covers an immense field, and is sometimes intangible, though clear to the view. We lay no claim to the virtue of order in this composition nor to originality. We shall be abundantly satisfied, however, if, by setting forth in our rude way a number of facts which we have accumulated by persevering labor, we shall succeed in calling attention to a subject which—strange to say—is never treated of separately, and scarcely ever more than hinted at by the critics of the immortal bard.

By what means, then, has Shakspeare influenced civilization? He was the discoverer of no new country, the author of no improvement in agriculture, manufacture, or trade; nor was he instrumental in bringing any nation of barbarians under the laws of civilized society. No! his influence was to be wrought out more slowly and with less noise, to go deeper, to last longer, and to increase in a grander ratio than theirs. Embodying the ideas that were rife in the epoch of Elizabeth and James, in forms of the beautiful, he launched them forth in the ark of the Romantic Drama, where they were preserved almost unknown for a hundred years while the flood of French "literary fashions" continued high. The English language is the channel through which his life is poured into the civilization of the world. Who has done so much as he to enrich, to strengthen, to beautify it?—in a word who has done so much as he to form the English tongue into an engine for the advancement of civilization? With the ever widening scope of English he is becoming more and more the common possession of mankind and consequently more powerful over their destinies.

Is there to be a universal language, as many predict? The

analogy of history seems to support the theory. The unity of all things, so long ago destroyed, seems to be in progress of restoration. The sciences are centering: the race are again almost universally recognized as members of one family; while religion is tending towards the form, "one Christ, one church." Why not also a unity of speech? The English language is apparently advancing towards universality. Being already the language of Great Britain and her extensive dominions, it is spoken in every commercial mart; it is carried on the wings of British and American commerce into all parts of the world;—it is chiefly the language of America—altogether of the United States, whither multitudes are constantly swarming from Asia and Europe, learning English and imbibing English ideas—where civilization "westward wending its way" is yet to culminate! What will then be the power of the English language and the almost commensurate power of Shakspeare cannot be estimated.

But casting aside all theories, however probable, let us lay hold of positive facts in order to arrive at some idea of Shakspeare in literature proper. His influence upon the world through this medium, as observed in what may be called the unconscious reproduction of his ideas, we prefer to omit, because—though evident—it is not demonstratively certain. In making a brief summary of what we know concerning his position in general literature, let us start near home.

We notice that our English poetry at the present day is peculiarly philosophic in its tone. It may be called the poetry of conscious art. It differs widely in this respect from the poetry of earlier times. The art of Homer and Chaucer is unconscious. Their aim was to draw the picture of nature just as it is, and they never sought to penetrate below and account for natural phenomena. They succeeded

perfectly in drawing natural characters, and in portraying the life and manners of their times. Our poetry, on the contrary, is deeply human and introspective. It obtrudes its philosophy upon us. The most eminent English poets from Wordsworth to Tennyson inclusive are remarkable for the spirit of mental and moral philosophy which pervades their works. The late beautiful epic of Thomas Bickersteth is also an illustration of the same fact. How do we account for this poetic phenomenon? Whence comes this philosophic, introspective spirit in poetry?

Shakspeare was not less a philosopher, than a poet. The great aim of his life seems to have been to depict striking anomalies in human character—Hamlet, Othello, and Lear, for example, who stand out in utter contrast with the characters of actual life. In this he exhibits a spirit of philosophical inquiry, and a deep insight into the nature of things, which reappears in the peculiar character of our poetry and age. "The speculative genius of the 19th century is a kind of living Hamlet. Literature, thought, and philosophy are now Shakspearized."

It was formerly the fashion to consider Shakspeare an irregular writer—a blind genius destitute of art, "doing what was right without knowing it," and this sentiment continued to prevail until the beginning of the present century. The first time, we may say, that his real merit was discovered, and his philosophy understood, was in Germany towards the close of the eighteenth century. Indeed his history could not have been written before this epoch. He was comparatively unknown by his contemporaries. The proverb, "it takes wit to know wit," so universally true, found a rare exception in the case before us. Ben Jonson—the most eminent of his contemporaries—esteemed him for goodness of heart and beauty of diction, and eulogized him in tones of conscious superiority!

The mountain was too near to be seen. Shakspeare was "of his age" indeed, but also *above* and *beyond* it. We find him scarcely appearing in the great authors who flourished after him until the times of Coleridge. Dryden and Pope neglected him for Homer and Virgil. And the great epic bard of England recognized his power in blank verse only, which he appropriated after a fashion to his own use. Milton's couplet in eulogy of Shakspeare is fine poetry, yet how inadequate to express the appreciation which he, above all Englishmen, should have entertained for the best head and "most comprehensive soul" in the universe!

"Our sweetest Shakspeare, *fancy's child*
Warbles his native *wood notes wild*."

Change the name, and how easily we might say as much for the author of Hiawatha!

No! Englishmen had too nearly fallen into the polished crystalline form of French thinking, and were unable yet to appreciate him, who in his way has done as much to philosophize the mind of the world as Bacon through the "Novum Organon." Racine and Corneille—false pretenders to classic form—were lauded and imitated as models of taste, while Shakspeare was considered rude and unworthy of imitation. His real merit, the greatness of his philosophic spirit, was yet to be discovered in a foreign land: he was to be absorbed, as it were, and sent into all parts of the literary world, and especially back to England through the German mind.

The Germans even now are the greatest admirers of our poet: to them, Shakspeare is English, and English, Shakspeare. His nature seems to coincide with theirs, so that when introduced among them, he was popular at once. One of the most beautiful and interesting literary phenomena, occurred in the sudden burst of German literature which followed the introduction of Shakspeare. "The dramatic

art was hardly known to be in existence here, while its votaries were individuals barely tolerated in society, owing for the most part, to their low and abandoned life—being in fact a crowd of homely adventurers who amused the populace with insipid jokes, or to say the least with allusions of a doubtful moral character. Scarcely, however, had the first rays of the lofty genius of Shakspeare penetrated into the confused and benighted regions of the German dramatic world, when they infused a new and ennobling spirit, which ever since has remained the honor of the histrionic art in Germany.” In a word, the form which their dramatic literature had long been wanting, now found its embodiment in the Shakspearean or Romantic drama.

French ways of thinking, which had ruled over polite literature in Germany also, were overturned and cast out by the entrance of Shakspeare. Nor did the effect end here, but finding its way with revolutionizing power even into France itself, so modified the form of the French drama that to-day it is all Shakspearized, and no longer the same that it was in the age of Louis XIV., when Voltaire, who thought Hamlet “the production of a drunken savage,” claimed for himself the sovereignty over taste. *La Henriade* is dead; whereas Hamlet is in the youth of immortality. Since the reception of Shakspeare into France the language and consequently the manners of the people have been remarkably improved. On comparing the works of later French authors with those who had not the good fortune to be born under the genial influence of Shakspeare, we are also struck by the solid good sense and improved moral tone of the former. The fact is demonstrated—notwithstanding our long slavery to French ideas, which is not yet abolished—that the tables are to be turned, and that England in poetry, at least, is incomparably superior to France. And this result is mainly due to the drama of Shakspeare,

who thus accomplishes the double work of elevating the literature of his country in the estimation of the world and of establishing his own fame.

But, returning to our point of departure, we find the spirit of Shakspeare taking hold upon and moulding other products of the German intellect. The German lyric poetry perfected by Schiller, an enthusiastic admirer and zealous student of our poet, affords an apt illustration. Indeed, being introduced through the criticism of Lessing, translated by Wieland, and afterwards presented in popular form by Gœthe, we can hardly realize how great a power and influence the already acceptable philosophy of Shakspeare acquired over the speculative German mind. It fell upon their metaphysical discussions, and, strangest of all—if strange at all—upon their national theology!

We have now, by a winding course, arrived at what we conceive to be the heart of our subject. To follow the myriad streams of life-blood which flow therefrom, would carry us over a system whose bounds are the universe. Let us be content to watch the course of a few of the main arteries. Let us again take hold of the one which first led us up to the centre of the circulatory system:—I refer to the philosophic spirit, the introspective nature of our English poetry at the present day, which we traced up to Shakspeare its source, through the German mind. Coleridge, it may be said with truth, did much towards bringing Shakspeare back into England, although it was only after his travels in Germany, where he imbibed the ideas which are often however dressed up and improved by passing through his own mind, which is probably one of the richest in our literature. He alone of his contemporaries, shows anything of Shakspeare in his works; for Byron and Scott knew no more about him than Dryden and Pope.

How wonderfully since the days of Coleridge and Schlegel,

has the power of Shakspeare been felt in moulding English poetic taste ! The excellencies of fifty years ago are scarcely regarded as such any longer. The mind of our age has received such a bias from the philosophy of Shakspeare that we can relish nothing in poetry unless it embody somewhat of his spirit. Hence the otherwise beautiful songs of Moore, for want of this element, have lost much of their interest, and unless a reaction in taste take place, they seem destined to be forgotten, and to become like the mass of Chaucer, obsolete and food for the antiquary alone.

Indeed, were it not for the depth of passion and exquisite verse of Byron, and for the ever-varying attractiveness of romance and the picturesque in Scott, they too would run the risk of oblivion, owing to the present standard of poetic criticism, established for Englishmen, at least, by Shakspeare.

Omitting the influence of our poet-philosopher in the development of modern philosophic histories, which stand out so superior in contrast with the shallow narratives of former times, and merely suggesting the fact that he is called by authority the "father of the development of German literary criticism" and is hence chief author of its widespread and beneficial effect upon the critical literature of the world at large,—let us pass on to discuss the final topic of our discourse.

The most interesting and deeply important effect of Shakspeare's influence is upon the "philosophy of Theology." The German mind is naturally speculative, destitute of faith without judgment, and receives nothing as true except with the approval of reason; nor do the Germans hesitate to apply the intellect as the test of any question whatever. We know also, on the other hand, that these are the distinctive traits of Shakspeare's mind. He is characterized especially by his profound insight, by a spirit of inquiry into the

nature of things, which leads him at times, as in the soliloquies of Hamlet, to ask and attempt the answer of deep philosophical questions. His powers of reason and the mysteries of nature are often at war with each other. Hence the foregone result of his absorption into the German mind was to render it more speculative, and more prone to philosophical inquiry than ever. The spirit of insatiable speculation thus developed in Germany, passes out (after having infused itself into every branch of literature there) into France, back to England where it was born, but unknown, and generally throughout the literary world. Let us notice one of its results. Theology, which, up to this period, had been looked upon as too firmly established on its ancient basis to admit of question, began to be attacked by speculative philosophers. Mere faith, unaided by the convictions of reason, could no longer support the church of Christ. Here was instituted the tremendous warfare now waging between nature on the one hand and theology on the other. The death-struggle of opposing theories is yet to take place on the ground between these two elements, which are finally to be assimilated and harmonized in the true Ontology, "*Philosophia Ultima*." Every dogma of the Christian church has to be rediscussed, the chief of which—the life of Christ, is now absorbing the attention and calling out the best energies of a score of wise men in Europe and America. The warfare is progressing with glory for the cause of Christianity. The head of Christ is yet to be encircled with a halo of more beauty and splendor than we had ever conceived of in the days of his unquestioned divinity!

May we not see Shakspeare in discussions also where nature and theology meet? Had he not a part in the development of German materialism? Without doubt; for, though this may be considered a more remote, it is nevertheless a

legitimate effect of his influence. Yet he was no materialist himself. Nothing more unjust can be imputed to him. Not a vestige of materialism is to be found in his works. For although much less was known concerning the proofs of revelation during his age, and notwithstanding his depth of philosophic insight into mysteries that are shut out from the view of ordinary mortals, he never doubts. He struggled, as genius will, to go beyond the limits of his own human power; hence he is often thrown back upon himself in disgust at life. Yet he, above all men, has maintained the nobility and dignity of human nature.

Now, then, how stands the account of William Shakspeare with the race? He has become a part of their life through literature. We have seen him absorbed into the mind of the Germans, and we have watched him as he wrought out his work among them, in elevating and giving form to their drama and lyric poetry, in developing German literary criticism, and finally in being the chief creator of their philosophy of theology: we have also watched the course of his influence as it flowed outward from Germany into France, where his drama being received, grew popular, overturned and superseded to a great extent the form of dramatic literature which had been established on the ancient plan in the time of Louis XIV.; and as a natural consequence we have found the language and moral tone of the French remarkably improved: we have also seen our poet brought back from a foreign land, after a period of almost a century, during which time his own countrymen were not able to understand and appreciate his merit and peculiar philosophy:—but he is in England again, having been restored to us by the Germans, whom as a nation it seemed that the Creator had prepared to appreciate and interpret him; his own philosophic spirit has become the basis of our poetic taste, while for that reason the poetic

excellencies of fifty years ago (before his influence was felt in this department) are for the most part no longer recognized as such; he is embodied with the life and power of the romantic drama in the English language, which seems from the analogy of history and from actual facts destined to become the most powerful agent for the civilization of mankind.

Yet we have said that he influenced the development of doctrines which degrade humanity and level us with the brutes. Such theories as those of Huxley, who maintains the same principle of life for "fungus and philosopher," would have been delayed no doubt, and possibly hindered, if Shakspeare had not lived. Was his mission therefore one of evil? We believe not. It seems that a far-seeing Providence had ordained him to be a great instrumentality in philosophizing the mind of the world—in developing it to its highest power of reason, where skepticism can no longer exist; for the day is evidently approaching when the highest speculation shall be found in the region of faith, where thought in its deepest delvings or highest flight may be freely exercised, consistently with the harmony of religion and science.

ARE WE SATISFIED?

College students have always been noted for their disorderly spirit. Times without number have we witnessed or heard of such proceedings by college students as no other class of gentlemen or would-be gentlemen would dare to

indulge in. Not only do they violate rules of Christian morality, as might naturally be expected from their age and surroundings; but the rules of ordinary decency and politeness seem sometimes to be suspended by a two-thirds' vote. College regulations are violated apparently for the mere sake of violating them; practical jokes are perpetrated, injuring often those only who perpetrate them, merely for the sake, as far as any cause can be assigned, of annoying the college authorities.

Now why is this? Is it to be accounted for by the youth of the students? They habitually and avowedly act as they would never act at home or away from college. Is it the lack of strictness and activity on the part of the Faculty? For centuries the trial has been making, under the most favorable circumstances and by the most astute Professors; and the result has been—almost without exception—that the stricter the discipline, the stronger is the tendency to disorder. We are shut up, then, to the conclusion, that this tendency can be accounted for only on the supposition that the *theory* of college government is *wrong*. If this supposition is admitted, it follows, of course, that a change should be made. Now arises the question, what should this change be?

If we seek an analogy in the world at large, we shall find that the masses never remain long contented and submissive without a voice in their own government, and that experience is adding every day to the mass of testimony already accumulated to the fact that men are most happy and most peaceful when they rule themselves. Yet here, in Republican America, where this doctrine is fully admitted, our collegiate institutions are managed on a plan fundamentally opposed to its teachings, and the anomaly is expected to succeed. Here are a body of young men—or call them boys if you will, it only adds strength to our argument—too

old to be frightened and too young to be reasoned into submission—who are deprived of any share in their own government and yet are expected to yield implicit obedience to the laws enacted by others. The ordinary theories of political science are suspended, and this in the case of those who are acknowledged to be the most liberty-loving class in the community—that class which has, at times, alone ventured to raise its voice in the capital of France against the despot in whose power were their lives and property!

We say then, decidedly, that college laws will never be properly respected till the students are represented in the body which frames them. We do not contend that the representatives of the students should be placed upon a footing of equality with the Faculty; but that they should be allowed to participate in the deliberations of the legislative body, and consult with them as to the best means of promoting the welfare of the College. With all due respect to our worthy instructors, we cannot but think that an occasional word of advice from the stand-point of the students might prevent some ill-advised measures and secure greater efficacy in the enforcement of the laws. We are aware that this is by no means a novel idea, that plans even have been proposed for putting it in practical operation; but these plans seem to be held in abeyance, awaiting the voice of the students of the country, and we think it high time that this voice should be heard in no uncertain terms.

We would put the question, then, plainly and directly,—would not the same good results follow this change as have followed similar changes in the political world? Does human nature undergo such a transformation when it enters college walls that it does not obey the same laws—that it is not excited by the same fears, stimulated by the same hopes and swayed by the same emotions as formerly? Or does

the youth who pays his matriculation-fee, with the blush of innocence yet upon his cheek, become at once as his name is inscribed upon the college rolls a hopeless reprobate, who can be moved by no entreaties, reached by no friendly exhortations, affected by no solemn warnings? Does his heart instantly become blunted to all finer sensibilities—his mind forever impervious to reason? If so, the sooner these hot beds of vice and brutality are abolished, the better! This conclusion we are certainly not prepared to admit. The same causes *must* operate to produce lawlessness within college-walls as produce the same effect in the world without. Nature's laws in the material Universe are uniform, and we are not prepared to admit that in the Psychological kingdom, she has created an anomalous class and called them "College-students." Just here, however, we are met by the assertion that youth is the differential characteristic of the class who are unfit for self-government. So far as this affects the point at issue, we might answer that the experiment has never received a fair trial in our colleges and the burden of proof rests upon the opponents of the more general maxim; but we will point doubters to our own literary Societies, which have been supported for more than a century by the unaided efforts of the students and are now more prosperous than ever before. In other institutions, also, countless associations, for literary and friendly purposes, serve as a partial vent for the insatiate desire of Americans for self-government. These are living witnesses of the ability of college students to rule themselves—an ability, it is true, sometimes misdirected, but quite as frequently turned to their own improvement and made a means of future usefulness. It will at least be admitted that the students of our country are quite as capable of a wise and moderate use of power as thousands of those who are considered fit custodians of the nation's welfare.

It is true that there is one important point of difference between a State and a College. In the former, the people are the only interested party; in the latter, there is a voluntary association for a definite purpose, in which one party bind themselves to obey the other, in return for certain benefits received by them. There is, therefore, no *legal right* which the latter can assert to self-government; but it must be remembered that we do not contend for the *right* but the *expediency* of the change proposed. To a certain extent, there may even be a *moral right*, but we are willing to waive this, feeling that our case is sufficiently strong when placed upon lower grounds. Looking, then, from the stand-point of expediency, we ask once more,—would not a limited degree of self-government render the students manlier and more attentive to their studies, at the same time that it rendered college life less disorderly and more refining? In the words of Prof. Lieber, "Self-government trains the mind and nourishes the character for a dependence upon law and a habit of liberty, as well as for a *law abiding acknowledgment of authority*." And, surely, if the doctrine that government exists for the benefit of the governed, holds true in the college world, good policy would dictate that the students be intrusted with a portion of the power, not only as a means of interesting them in their own welfare and giving them a share of responsibility in the execution of the laws, but in order to secure the benefit of their more intimate knowledge of the state of college society and their greater opportunities for exerting an influence for good upon the body whom they would represent.

The students also would feel in some measure bound by the acts of their representatives and a ready obedience to law would become as much a point of honor then, as the opposite course is apt to be considered honorable now. In a word, all the arguments which can be adduced in favor

of self-government, in general, would undoubtedly apply to the question under discussion.

We would not be understood as complaining of the laws by which we are governed. With one or two exceptions—rather technical than otherwise,—we consider them reasonable and mild, nor do we apprehend that any important changes would be desired by the students. Nor, on the other hand, would we be understood as predicting a Utopia under the system which we advocate. That college students would at once become perfectly docile—that they might not indeed become more factious and more anxious for reform—we are far from believing; but of one thing we feel sure, they will become more manly, more respectful, more earnest in their studies. They will feel more deeply their personal responsibility for the improvement of their advantages as well as their interest in sustaining and increasing the reputation of their College. Nor are we inclined to look upon the spirit of progress and the rivalry of contending factions—resulting in the agitation and free interchange of opinion—as essentially an evil and the precursor of still greater evil. We do not, however, propose to discuss the question upon these grounds, but confine ourselves to the more practical and more immediate effects upon college order. We are willing once more to pass by the more philosophical and abstract view of the matter and to ask—dispassionately, but earnestly,—why would not the proposed change produce the effects anticipated?

Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees, is not the experiment worth the trial? Severity of discipline has been tried and tried in vain; extreme laxity has been resorted to, and has proved a miserable failure; within the present year, one of our Colleges has made an effort in this direction, with results far from encouraging; almost every conceivable method has been attempted and success has not as yet fol-

lowed the attempts. The present state of affairs is admitted to be deplorable; you are not yet prepared to allow, that it is beyond remedy, that student-character can never be improved; you are not willing that matters should remain always as they are at present;—may not this expedient be after all the one that was needed and is there not a possibility—we will not say, a probability—that it may prove successful? In any event and whatever the result, would the trial produce any considerable injury?

Gentlemen of the Faculty, the feeling of antagonism which has always existed to a degree more or less intense between teachers and students, should by all means be rooted out. For our own part, we cannot but be conscious that it is highly unreasonable and prejudicial to our best interests. Yet we cannot shut our eyes to the fact, that so long as human nature and college government remain in their present condition, this antagonism must continue to exist. Human nature, you may find it a difficult task to improve, would it not be well to modify the system of college government?

Fellow students, let us resolve that should the experiment be made, we will prove ourselves worthy of the responsibilities imposed upon us and capable of sustaining the reputation of old Princeton! Let us show to the world that the days of incendiary carousals, cowardly assaults, and childish nonsense, have passed away, never to return! B.

About half of the earth's crust is composed of oxygen—a gaseous substance. In like manner, things which we consider most firm and solid, are found after all to be in their nature volatile and unstable.

MY RIVER.

A song for the Tiber the Roman boy raises,
The German oft sings of his home on the Rhine,
The streams of the Alps have all Switzerland's praises ;—
But none can be cherished more fondly than mine.
Yes! mine, for I claimed it 'mid childhoods gay pleasures,
'Twas mine for enjoyment, with none to restrain ;
And the scenes on its shores are the dearest of treasures,—
Bright pictures which memory e'er will retain.

O river of beauty, how dearly I love thee,
More fair are thy banks than all others on earth,
For amid the old trees that are bending above thee
Is the home of my boyhood,—the spot of my birth.
With heart overflowing I thank the Great Giver
For the season of happiness spent at thy side,
Where I watched thy waves dancing, O fair flowing river,
And heard the sweet song of thy bright rolling tide. ˆ

There blossomed the locusts in spring's sunny hours :
On silver-leaved maples the sunlight there played ;
The banks were adorned with the fragrant wild flowers,
And violets modestly bloomed in the shade.
Green willows grew there, with their branches low bending,
So low the waves kissed them while passing along ;
There birds built their nests, and their sweet voices blending
United in swelling the stream's merry song.

How grand was the scene when the sun was declining,
And crimson or golden the clouds all became,—
The waves' merry dance with the colors combining
To render the stream like a river of flame.
But lovelier far,—when the daylight grew dimmer
And faded from view the last lingering beam,
The waters reflected the starlight's soft glimmer
And the moon's mellow radiance gleamed o'er the stream.

Like the voice of a friend was the sound of its flowing,
As swept the swift stream on its way to the ocean ;—
In joy a companion, and comfort bestowing
When beside it I wandered with mournful emotion.

It lulled me to rest in the hours of illness,
It greeted my ear at the daylight's first dawn ;
It sighed a soft strain in the night's solemn stillness,
And at noonday kept singing while hurrying on.

'Twas sweet there to muse, to its music attending
While it sang of its source on the far distant hill,
Till I almost could hear the glad ripples descending,
And smell the sweet flowers that grew by the rill.
When Fancy lent aid I could hear the waves singing
The tales they had caught from the shores up above,—
The ripples for me ever catching and bringing
Old stories of warfare and legends of love.

On the brink of the stream oft I wandered while building
Air-castles with all the delight of a boy,
When Hope all the future with promise was gilding,
And life seemed a season of freedom and joy.
Besides the old tales that the waters there brought me
While rambling and lounging among the old trees,
Full many a lesson my river has taught me,
For it spoke to the dreamer in words such as these :

“ At will I've been straying and laughing and playing,
Now slowly delaying, then hasting amain ;
Here creeping by hedges, there leaping o'er ledges,
Or sweeping the edges of forest and plain ;
Now turning to dally and romp in the valley,
Then rapidly rolling and gathering force ;—
But now I've grown stronger, I'll linger no longer,
I will strive to accomplish some work in my course.

“ In yon busy town that you see in the distance,
To thousands I'll give of my waters to drink ;
To man's puny arm I will lend my assistance,
And drive the great mills that are built on my brink.
Great vessels of trade on my bosom I'll carry ;
I will bless all the land that my course may go through ;
My playing is over, no more can I tarry,
I've a mission to fill, I have labor to do.

"Thy happy young life with its pleasures and laughter
 Thus far like a frolicsome streamlet has run,
 But that sport cannot last, for oh! surely hereafter,
 When manhood is reached, there is work to be done.
 O youth, be prepared for thy every duty,
 Be a blessing to others where'er you may be,
 And make thy whole life like a river of beauty,
 Which calmly shall flow to eternity's sea."

* * * * *

Still whisper the pines on the banks of the river,
 The birds as of yore build their nests on the shore,
 The waves in the sunlight yet frolic and quiver,
 But friends that I loved shall behold them no more.
 The chain that once bound us on earth is now shattered,
 The links seemed so strong, but they parted at last;
 The homestead is there, but the household is scattered,
 And over death's river some dear ones have passed.

When memory looks backward, and over my spirit
 Come sad recollections, I list for the voice
 Of the stream that I love, and in fancy I hear it,
 And it bids me not murmur but hope and rejoice;
 For it tells of a river of beauty exceeding,
 Whose waters are clear and whose surface is calm,—
 "The river of life, clear as crystal, proceeding
 Out of the throne of our God and the Lamb."

G.

Water, which glides smoothly over the surface of the earth—when it has once found admittance within, is rendered by the fiery mass with which it comes in contact, the instrument of terrible convulsions. Thus, when the mind is heated by passion, words and actions—in themselves harmless—produce terrible outbreaks.

DARK DAYS OF THE DRAMA.

There is an evident uneasiness in the public mind in regard to the state of dramatic art. The murmurs of daring critics, the lamentations of the more sensible portion of the press, the unconcealed disgust of all people of good sense and unperverted judgment, unite in testifying to the fact that the modern stage is utterly destitute of proper material. It is unfortunate, however, that this dissatisfaction does not seem to exist in that class of persons who mainly patronize the theatres and help to fill the pockets of the managers. The last-mentioned gentlemen are naturally more desirous of making money than of improving the condition of the drama. Farnie and his detestable productions are far more welcome to them than Shakespeare and "King Lear;" for a London manager, taught by bitter experience, has told us that for him "Shakespeare spelt ruin and Byron *bankruptcy*." Now and then a Booth or a Charles Kean may awaken a temporary revival of the great masters; but even this requires a lavish expenditure upon costumes and properties, so that it may well be doubted which is the more attractive—the play, or the setting in which it is presented. Until some reform in popular taste can be effected, we have little to hope for and every cause to be despondent.

Not the least offensive outgrowth of this depravity has been the Modern Burlesque. This monstrosity is a medley of poor puns, wretched music, the most senseless jingle of words that ever profaned the name of verse, and gorgeous scenery shining in all the proverbial tawdriness and tinsel of the stage. This farrago of nonsense usually purports to be satirical or ludicrous; seems to have some inane notion of "taking off" something or somebody; and affords occasional dim hints of a plot otherwise hopelessly concealed in

the depths of the author's own consciousness. The action of this "play" is carried on by a crowd, rather than a company, of persons who are entirely destitute of any ideas of acting, but having painted and powdered themselves with reckless desperation, rely on the arts of the costumer and their own coarse beauty for gaining approval and emolument. Yet this spectacle, immeasurably beneath an ordinary minstrel entertainment, attracts large numbers of persons claiming to be intelligent and rational beings, excites their laughter and calls forth shouts of applause; it is tolerated in the most fashionable theatres of great cities; it is praised by critics who are supposed to be fair and impartial. Truly this is an edifying sight in our Nineteenth Century of reform and progress!

Matters look a little more promising as we advance a few steps and consider the plays of Mr. F. W. Robertson, the author of "Caste," "School," "M. P.," and other comedies with equally affected titles. This gentleman began well; his dialogues were spicy and epigrammatic—rather too much so to be very natural, and tending to give the impression that in modern society such conversational pyrotechny is usual, whereas the contrary is the case. But he was generally decorous, his stories were interesting and not glaringly sensational, his plots well developed. He represented life as a sort of Coldstream existence, a state of *laissez-faire* and *nil admirari*, productive of dandies and loungers who smoked cigars in presence of the audience, philosophized with Dundreary-like fatuity, and usually worked themselves up to the performance of some good deed before the curtain fell and the lights went out. This was a pleasant if not a very profound view of our earthly career. Alas! under the pressure of impatient managers, he soon commenced to do his work hastily; incomplete and defective compositions followed. His plays were stuffed as

full of padding as a "swell's" shoulders. The audiences appear to be just as well pleased as before; so, with no inducement to elaborate, he pours forth the immature creatures of his brain and crams his coffers at the expense of his reputation.

This habit of hurry can be predicated of the majority of other writers for the stage. None of them *take pains*. If convenient, they borrow from the French, a favorite quarter for the literary poacher. Indeed, Mr. Dion Boucicault seems to consider our Gallic friends as at all times legitimate subjects of pillage. Put the stolen property on the stage with a "real" waterfall, a "real" donkey, or Mr. Crummles' "real" wash-tub, and the play is successful; it runs its ordinary number of nights, is received with flattering attention,—the manager pats his purse and smiles the contented smile of one who is "coining money."

The utter worthlessness of all this slop-work can be easily understood from the fact that it never pleases long: the people soon grow weary of it and call for something new. No one ever *reads* these plays. They cannot live, but must sooner or later find their way to that vast receptacle of waste-paper known as oblivion. They are of no value without the aid of the painter, the upholsterer, and the actor. And this reminds us forcibly of the fact that the author is completely lost sight of at the present day and all interest seems fixed on the one who struts across the stage and mouths the author's words. People go to see Wallack and Booth, not Robertson and Shakspeare—forgive the last collocation of names. We are lenient enough to presume that nobody cares for the monster of imbecility who wrote the "Forty Thieves," but are led by the rather meretricious attractions of Miss Lydia Thompson and her blonde cohorts to witness that wilful murder of a good old fairy-tale. It is needless for us to say that this is all wrong;

destructive to the self-respect of writers, ruinous to the drama itself.

You may ask, what is the remedy for this deplorable state of affairs? None, absolutely none, short of an utter revolution in the nature of modern theatre-goers. We may groan as much as we will, long for the return of past glories—we cannot help ourselves. It is sad to think that the rigid moralists who shudder at the dreadful iniquity of the stage should have such excellent reasons afforded them for keeping up the cry against dramatic representations. The friends of the actor and author are disarmed; they have nothing to say to their opponents. So since we cannot hope to revolutionize the world, we may as well cease to trouble ourselves about the matter, and give the corrupted stage the merciful charity of silence. J.

SCHILLER.

“Lo, to the bard, a wand of wonder
The Herald of the gods has given :
He sinks the soul the death-realm under,
Or lifts it breathless up to heaven—
Half sport, half earnest, rocking its devotion
Upon the tremulous ladder of emotion.”*

Modern German Literature is of very recent growth. Before the Eighteenth Century we find all the eminent authors of Germany writing in French or in Latin. Next

* Extract from a translation of Schiller's "The Might of Song," by E. Lytton Bulwer.

we meet with Gotsched and Bodmer in the beginning of the Eighteenth Century. We behold Gotsched ruling the German literary world, and servilely copying the French, until Bodmer arises to dispute his authority. A paper war ensues between the two, and inquiry is awakened as to the true theory of poetry and of the drama. Soon Klopstock, Opitz, Wieland, Lessing and Winkelman appear, and a glorious era in German national literature bursts into golden splendor. From 1750 onwards, eminent authors follow each other in quick succession, until now Germany has a literature of which any nation might be proud. Nor is the subject of this essay one who shed but a few glimmering rays; rather he is a mighty orb dazzling in its brilliancy.

We behold in Schiller a mind and character very susceptible to external influence. We can trace in his productions the influence of events in his personal history, the modes of thought surrounding him, the studies he pursued, and the favorite authors he read. Yet interwoven everywhere with the woof of those influences we can follow the warp of his native genius struggling on towards its development. The very limited reading public, composed chiefly of literary men and diletanti, for which the German writers immediately preceding Schiller wrote, was rapidly enlarging. We see Schiller trying to add to the effort for the beautiful which his predecessors had sought, an influence upon this rapidly-increasing reading-public. We learn that he is acted upon by public events and states of mind, and that he in turn influences the public. A new school in German literature is rising. It claims that powerful representations of the passions, correct delineation of character, deep insight into the secret workings of the soul, and richness of imagery alone make up the worth of the poet. It is opposed to the despotism of fashion and to cold elegance.

It has a powerful influence upon Schiller's mind. Especially does Goethe's "*Götz von Berlichingen*," the principal character in which is a delineation of noble hatred of oppression, disgust with the cunning of knavery, love of freedom, courage, determination, decision and physical strength—fire Schiller's mind.

The influence of "*Götz von Berlichingen*" and of the school just mentioned is evident in all that Schiller wrote during this period. It was a period in which the most acute minds of Germany detected the distant thunder of a coming storm, whose destructive force was felt most terribly in France. There the peaceful quiet of the landscape, the joyous warbling among the green leaves on the sunny hillside or beside the sparkling rill in the calm dell, was changed to a scene with the heavens overcast by a tumultuous commotion of clouds. New ideas were agitating religion, literature and politics. We can trace in Schiller's "*Robbers*," as well as his other writings of this date, the influence of the revolutionary spirit and of the wide-spread scepticism of the period.

He writes of Rousseau thus :

"Sophists prepared for Socrates the bowl—
And Christians drove the steel through Rousseau's soul—
Rousseau—who strove to render Christians, men."

Of death he says : "The soul goes forth to exercise its power of thought in other circles, to view the universe from another side. One may indeed say that the soul has not in the slightest degree exhausted this sphere and that it might have departed in a more perfected state. But is it known that this sphere is lost to the soul? We now lay aside many a book which we do not understand. Perhaps in a few years we may comprehend them."

He writes of the theatre : "The theatre unites its efforts to those of its worthy sisters, morality and—timidly do I

make the comparison—religion, which is not raised above the taint of the timid and unclean common-herd.” “For the largest part of mankind, the power of religion is at an end, if we blot out her pictures and her problems, if we destroy her delineation of Heaven and of Hell—and yet those are but pictures of the imagination, riddles without a solution, distant forms of terror and enticement. What a strengthening of religion and of law when they are united to the stage, where there is a gazing at the living embodiment. There vice and virtue, happiness and misery, folly and wisdom, in a thousand forms, impress a sense of truth upon the man. There Providence solves its riddles and disentangles its knots before our eyes. There the human heart confesses the slightest tumult of passion, all masks fall, all paint is washed off, and Truth—incorruptible as Radamanthus,—holds court.”

In an elegy on the death of a young friend, the labyrinth of doubts in which Schiller was lost, he expresses thus: “Is the hope that glads the pilgrim true? Is there a thought beyond the dark tomb? Does virtue lead to endless bliss? Is there more in it than idle fancy? Already every riddle is laid bare to your view.”

He was like a traveller getting lost in the intricate network of galleries, domes and abysses of some huge, gloomy cavern.

The “Robbers,” the earliest of Schiller’s dramas, is a contrast of wickedness, cruelty, superstition, and cowardice, with virtue turned aside to robbery and murder, courage misdirected, and generosity soured and converted into misanthropy. These are exhibited in Carl Moor; those in Franz Moor. Although many powerful passages occur, yet as a whole it is full of blemishes. Nor was its influence—which was great—favorable to society. It lacked, too, that species of perfection of which Schiller at a later date sang:

"In the Ideal realm, aloof and far,
Where the calm art's pure dwellers are,
Lo! the Laocoon writhes but does not groan ;
Here, no sharp grief the high emotion knows ;
Here Suffering's self is made divine, and shows
The brave resolve of the firm soul alone ;
Here, lovely as the rain-bow on the dew
Of the spent thunder-cloud, to Art is given,
Gleaming through Grief's dark veil, the peaceful blue
Of the sweet moral heaven."

The "Robbers" was the shadow cast before of a Goliath whose huge stature had not come into view. It was the production of one who was to stand beside Goethe, then in his zenith, as among the greatest geniuses that Germany has produced.

After obtaining the position of professor at Jena, Schiller, with a mind matured by study in *Æsthetics*, philosophy and history, like a rain-cloud floating in high heaven above the heads of common men who walk the earth, refreshed his countrymen and stimulated their intellectual growth, with powerful dramas and beautiful poems succeeding each other in quick succession. Schiller's words are appropriate to his own muse :

"As through wide air the tempests sweep,
As gush the springs from mystic deep,
Or lone untrodden glen ;
So from dark hidden fount within,
Comes song its own wild world to win
Amidst the souls of men."

Much of his poetry seems to be written in a minor key of disappointment with human nature and of a restless groping after truth. That Schiller's attitude is hostile to Christianity, appears in an essay called *the Mission of Moses*. In that he argues that Moses only taught the Israelites what he had learned from the mysteries of the Egyptian priests. Christianity did not coincide with Schil-

ler's æsthetical views. While he is not as openly hostile to it as Goethe, yet there breathes through his poetry the restless unbelief of one who is a prey to doubt. The two following extracts throw some light on his religious views :

“And a God there is !—over Space, over Time,
While the human will rocks like a reed, to and fro,
Lives the will of the Holy—a Purpose Sublime,
A thought woven over creation below :
Changing and shifting the All we inherit,
But changeless through all, One Immutable Spirit.”

There is error,

“So long as man dreams that, to mortals a gift,
The truth in her fulness of splendour will shine :
The veil of the goddess no earth-born may lift,
And all we can learn is—to guess and divine !
Dost thou seek in a dogma, to prison her form ?
The spirit flies forth on the wings of the storm.”

Schiller was a man of pure life and lofty morality. His lyre was always strung to sound out harmoniously the praise of virtue and the love of freedom. The nobleness of most of Schiller's sentiments and his exuberance of thought and richness of imagery give a dangerous attraction to the errors of his speculations.

He first put the drama in the form which best fitted it for the German stage. His influence was not so much in moulding the German language, as in awakening thought, and arousing to a higher moral standard.

Never risk a joke, even the least offensive in its nature, and the most common, with a person who is not well-bred, and possessed of sense to comprehend it.—*La Bruyere*.

MENTAL FOOD.

No organism can continue its life and growth and perform the work for which it was designed without proper nourishment. The plant is a constant consumer, the tree must feed upon the soil for years before it can bear fruit, and the budding rose must gather from earth, air and sun the beauty and fragrance with which it charms our senses. This law rules also in the realm of mind; the mind must have food for thought, it must have nourishment before it can be strong.

Now the question arises what is the best mental food and where will we find it? Do we get it from French novels, from Greek and Latin lexicons, from the Odes of Horace, or from the old Greek poems about Jupiter and Juno? Do books of any kind furnish the best mental food, or does Nature spread a better table in the open air, with pure drink from her fresh fountains, and rich food from her exhaustless storehouse, with viands sweeter to the taste and more nourishing to the soul than anything than can be found in books?

We take sides with Nature. We contend for the direct and immediate study of nature in its widest sense, including all that is in

"The round ocean and in the living air,
And the blue sky and in the mind of man."

Books should be used only as helps. But schools and colleges generally make books the great object of study, with only an occasional reference to nature. We are tired of this book diet, and I rejoice to see that others are tired of it too. We think it one of the most encouraging signs of the times, that mind is beginning to loath the mouldy dry bread of antiquity with which it has long been fed, and calls for the sweet, fresh food of modern science and philosophy.

Scholars are beginning to look out from their musty Greek and Latin books, into the "broad, deep universe" and see that there are mysteries in the human mind, and truths in earth, air and sky infinitely more worthy of their attention.

We are continually told by the advocates of the old system that the study of the ancient classics is such a fine mental exercise. We do not deny it; but the mind needs more than exercise—it must have food. Give the body hard work and no food, and all its powers are soon exhausted; and just so with the mind—exercise without nourishment can produce nothing but weakness. It is upon this ground that we object to the study of the dead languages. They may be a good exercise for the mind, but they furnish nothing but the driest food and the poorest kind of nutriment. They are what their friends claim them to be—intellectual gymnastics, and nothing more. Now the natural exercise of the body is providing food for the body, hunting it in the forest, or reaping it in the fields; and the natural exercise of our mental powers is providing the mental food upon which those powers depend for their growth and nourishment; searching out the great mysteries that hide in the deep recesses of the mind and heart, uncovering the secrets that are hidden beneath the rocks, reaping thought by day in the harvest fields of the universe, and courting by night the angel mysteries that live among the stars. The farmer who sows and reaps his own field and provides his own food need not turn somersaults to keep his blood in circulation. The Indian hunter in the western wilds needs no gymnasium, he fishes for salmon in the rivers and hunts the buffalo on the wide plains. What better exercise could he have? So the man of independent mind who will plough the field of thought for himself and harvest his own ideas—the bold hunter after truth who will

go out into nature and take his meat with his own hook and line from the limpid streams that flow through her solitudes—he who will hunt down his intellectual food in the wilderness and eat it by the wayside, will not need these so-called “intellectual gymnastics” to develop his mental muscle. This is the great advantage which the proper study of nature has over the study of language and pure mathematics; it furnishes the mind with both food and exercise—the two great essentials of healthy growth and development. The great truths of nature lie not upon the surface; they cannot be picked up without an effort. The laws which govern mind and matter are not discovered in a moment, or understood without labor. There is ample room for the utmost exercise of every power. Then, where these great truths are brought in contact with the mind, they nourish every faculty of the soul. Not only are memory and reason strengthened, but reverence, meekness, humility and all the gentle graces of the spirit are quickened into life, and the soul is brought into close communion with Nature’s God, the true source and fountain of all its strength and power. The whole man is thus strengthened and developed. It is in this way that the noblest minds have been nourished. Great linguists and book-fed men are not the men who leave their “foot-prints in the sands of time.” They live in the past, they worship its shadows, they draw neither motive from the present or inspiration from the future, their minds are pools of stagnant learning and not fountains of thought. They die and are forgotten; the grave closes over them and they are gone. But poets, artists, philosophers and men of science, who have lived in close communion with nature and have made *her* their study, their memories shine like stars in the firmament, and the good that they have done flows on like a river through the ages.

Give then to the hungry mind less of the past and more of the present, less of books and more of nature. We would not despise what the past has done for us; but we would use it for a stepping-stone to higher and better things. We would not despise books; many of them are full of noble thoughts which mighty minds have drawn from deep wells of truth, into which our short rope and little bucket would descend in vain and come up empty. Let us take the food which good books give us and be thankful for it. But let us beware of converting our minds into mere receptacles for the thoughts of others. After reading what others have thought, let us think for ourselves. Let us study nature for ourselves and she will yield nourishment to us as well as to genius. But let us beware of cramming the mind with the dry facts of material science, and especially of a science that would make everything material. For the scientific world is full of mournful examples, showing us how poor, lean and narrow a mind may become when it feeds upon nothing but stocks and stones. Let us seek for the hidden spiritual meaning which dwells like a soul within forms of Beauty. Let us bring to our study of nature the reverence of the poet, the contemplation of the philosopher, and the faith of the Christian. Then will she spread for us a mental feast which will be like manna to the taste, and more nourishing to the human soul than all the lore of the ancients in all the libraries of the world.

K.

The inverted image on the retina is rectified by the mind. So should our cooler moments correct our hasty impressions.

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K.

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SOLITUDE AND SOCIETY.

"How sweet, how passing sweet is Solitude!
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
Where I may whisper, Solitude is sweet."—COWPER.

These lines embody one of the most important truths that regulate the development of human character. While the influence that Solitude exerts over our proper development is indispensably necessary, yet it is none the less true, that man is a social being. The proper medium, as Cowper tells us, lies between the two. As the proper growth of the plant requires an alternation of light and darkness, so Solitude and Society, in due proportion, are requisite to the proper growth of the soul.

Nature furnishes us many analagous cases in which she also seems to blend them. She fringes the edge of the lonely desert with a forest of stately trees, whose many branches interlace each other in loving union. The lonely isle of the sea she circles with waves, that carelessly jostle each other and ever teem with myriads of animalculæ.

The mind is so constituted that this proportion varies in every individual case, according to the disposition of each. A person naturally timid and retiring, will find little pleasure in the stir of social life; one who is given to gravity and meditation will avoid its giddy mirth and court seclusion.

On the other hand, a man of restless, nervous temperament, a man who is filled with an energy ever prompting him to wrestle in the arena for the prizes of life, will naturally seek the crowded amphitheatre. While natural taste, or disposition, however, has its influence in determining our choice between the two, yet Solitude and Society have each their distinctive seals which they stamp upon the minds of their votaries.

In general it may be said that Solitude forms a contemplating character, while Society nurtures an active one.

We invite your attention to a few reflections upon these topics in their mutual bearing upon each other, while for convenience' sake, and to prevent confusion, I present them separately.

Let us inquire then first into some of the uses of Solitude.

If rightly improved, it is amply fitted to prepare us for Society. He who retires to his closet for self-communion, and there subjects his own soul to a searching scrutiny of its motives and desires, gains a deep insight into his own nature and learns the secret spring which moves the conduct of others. After a scrutiny of this kind, he comes out into the glare of the social circle with a deeper feeling of tenderness toward the faults of his fellows, and is better fitted to appreciate the excellencies of each.

When stung and maddened by the pestilent shafts, which jealousy ever keeps upon the string for the spirit that pants after a loftier distinction, or a nobler life, than average Society attains—how sweet the quiet of Solitude—how soothing to the fevered blood. Men of genius, unable to find fit companionship in Society, have often resorted to Solitude, where they brood in silence and hold communion with their own thoughts. When retirement is made the means of deepening our sympathies, purifying our affections, bracing our good resolutions, and adding to our store of wisdom, Solitude becomes the armory whence we draw our most efficient weapons for the battle of life. After a brief sojourn, we return with radiant faces and new zest for the enjoyment of life's pleasures. It has been wisely remarked that "the king of Solitude is also the king of Society." The reverse is not so true. The king of Society is often a person of sparkling wit and brilliant appearance, whose life appears to the careless observer a broad and

glittering stream. In reality, it is oftener a shallow pool, under whose unruffled surface there are no deep eddies of feeling, no hidden springs, whence it draws the pure waters of life, whose bosom, if searched, will yield an accumulation of worthless trash, rather than a casket of gems.

It is in Solitude alone that the "Know thyself" of the ancients can be carried out. In the bustle of Society, there is no time for self-communion. The sages of all times have resorted hither to speculate on the grand problems of life, to gaze upon the marvellous workings of the mind, to review the experience of the past, and deduce maxims for guidance in the future. It is alone and in silence that the speculative mind grapples with the mysteries of nature. We look within our frames and strive to unearth the vital principle that cements and holds in poise the elements of our bodily structure. What is it? Where? Our own introspection fails us and we seek a solution in other creatures. We see the same vital force animating the herd, as it browses upon the herbage, or bounds away in conscious fear as danger nears. We see it in the tiniest insect, whose life is crowded into a few fleeting moments of time. Standing on the brink of a limpid lake, we gaze in silence into its living waters and find the mystery mirrored there. The very tree which shelters us, the very grass upon which we tread, all owe their thrift and beauty to the vital flame. Baffled and humbled in our attempt to unravel the secret, we retrace our steps and follow the silver cord anew; from herb to tree, from tree to insect, and so up the scale of animal life, through man, to the throne of the Creator himself.

In Solitude, the heart is purified from corrupt desires, the conscience is cleared of the coating with which indulgence seeks to incrust it. In its quiet the clouds of dust that interest raises to obscure the better judgment, settle and leave a clear transparent medium in which virtue and truth

shine forth in beauty. Our noblest purposes are conceived in silent communion with ourselves. From time to time we retire to its sheltering haven for repairs, for new powers and new resolutions to stem the current or breast the waves. There the higher parts of our nature are braced by its nourishing and tonic influence.

A proper use of Solitude will yield us much that is pleasant, but excessive retirement has its dangers also.

Instead of nerving our hearts with courage, it sometimes becomes the breeding-place of fear. It is a well verified observation "that many a man who laughs at hobgoblins in company, dreads them when alone." This is one of the inconsistencies of human nature that should be specially guarded against. Since, however, it is occasioned by an imagination, overheated in the social circle, the reaction is chargeable to the debit of Society.

Excessive seclusion is apt to give us a distaste for social intercourse, as requiring too much effort to make one's self agreeable to his fellows. This exposes us to the danger of gradually sinking into an indolent, listless state of dreaming, profitable to none, and deadly to all hopes of future worth. Many a young man of promising parts has imagined himself possessed of great poetical talent, and retired from the world with the fatal idea that mere Solitude of itself can work a magic spell over his genius and tip his pen with golden fancies. They have found it to their sorrow a vain delusion. Others, smarting under a sense of wounded vanity, seek to hide their incompetency with the cloak of misanthropy, and succeed in hiding from themselves in secret, follies which they fear will bring upon them the censure of Society, if exposed. Every one who affects a learned and philosophic retirement is not necessarily engaged in deep and large reflection. If we could peer in upon their seclusion, we should catch too many employing their time,

like the Emperor Domitian, in stabbing flies with a bodkin.

Over-much retirement exposes us to attacks of egotism, which a wise man would shun. It is especially fitted to give us morbid views of life, and unfits us to appreciate its real interests. It makes us too sensitive to the calumny of detractors, and leads us to magnify the little coldnesses and imaginary slights of friends into gross unpardonable sins. In its gloomy shade we are apt to become sticklers for trivial points, while neglecting the main question. The natural result is, of course, a reputation for narrowness of mind, and when applied to religious disputes, the reproachful title—sectarian.

The only refuge, for those who have abused Solitude, is the Society they affect to despise. By being roused to action they may be induced to throw off their masks and look upon themselves as they really are. In process of time, continual contact with others will sharpen their faculties, and chisel the rough block into a graceful statue. The great characteristic of Society is action.

Every man proposes to himself an object early in life and lends his energies to its accomplishment. In some, this object is wealth; in some, fame; in some, power; in all, the admiration and esteem of their circle of friends. This is as it should be, and shows a wise provision for the constitution of our natures. It proceeds from two causes; the desire to influence others, and the power of sympathy.

The desire to influence others, arises from a necessity of our nature. Every man thinks his own mode of action best, and seeks to impress his conviction upon others. Every one whose talents enable him to rise above the masses, gathers around him a circle of admirers, in whose esteem he delights. It is to the lasting honor of humanity, that this influence is so often exerted in the cause of truth and morality. Statesmen seek to win their nation over to a

policy, which they think will prove advantageous to their countrymen, and strive with their best energies to obtain its ratification. It is particularly the purpose of the orator to guide the thoughts of his audience into the same channel with his own. At the bar, it is pre-eminently the desire of the lawyer to gain such an influence over the judgment of his hearers as will secure a verdict in his favor. In the pulpit, the minister labors to gain an ascendancy over the conscience, that he may lead the sinner to a holier and purer life in Christ. The great orators, who have, from time to time, risen among men, to sway the emotions and guide the reason of immense audiences, hanging breathless upon their words,—the men, who have by their eloquence, shaped the destiny of States and controlled the individual will—such men gain their powers, not by meditating in Solitude, but by mingling freely in Society.

This active energy in Society is due in great part, also, to the power of sympathy. We are all, more or less, influenced by a desire to imitate great minds, and noble deeds. There is something in our nature instinctively leading us to look up to, and admire the creations of genius. How the bosom swells, as we gaze on one of the masterpieces of Raphael Michael, Angelo, or Sir Joshua Reynolds. When the fingers of Mozart glided over the keys, he swayed the feelings of men at his will. Under his entrancing power, the eye would sparkle, the ear strain itself to catch the slightest note, and the countenance beam with pleasure; and when his mood would change, and he drew forth notes of wild wailing, or stifling sobs of grief, every soul was hushed, the chords of sorrow touched, the tear started from every eye. What sympathy does the contemplation of heroic deeds call forth? What a spell a tale of bravery throws around us. How we sympathize with a hero in distress, and burn with zeal to go forth and do likewise!

Who can estimate the influence of the moral heroes of the world, in elevating the moral tone of Society? To rouse a young spirit to generous deeds of benevolence, we must point him to the character of noble philanthropists; and who more worthy of the name than the lamented George Peabody? Would we urge him to practise a disinterested patriotism; we hold up to his view the struggles of a patriot, like Washington.

If we were asked to point out two classes of men, who should best represent the effects of Solitude and Society, we could do no better than point you to the poet and the novelist. Says an eminent writer, in comparing the two, "The former deals with fancies, the latter with facts." Seclusion is as necessary to the poet as the thunder-bolt to Jove or the lute to Apollo. It is there that he wraps himself in an ideal world, and gives his imagination play. It is there that he stores a faithful mind with knowledge, and trains it with thought severe, from an infinite variety to select, arrange, and combine analogies of force and beauty. Retirement to him is a kind of kaleidoscope, in which, himself unseen, he gazes upon the human race in all its grandeur and littleness. On the other hand, the novelist is eminently the man of Society. It is the work of the poet to separate virtue from the dross in which it is found. It is the work of the novelist to paint it as he finds it in the bosom of his heroes and heroines. He must therefore study man from a different stand-point. He must mingle with society in all its grades. He must stand beneath the gaslight of the ball-room and burrow into the damp, dark cellar, where misery and vice cohabit. He must visit the king in his palace, and the prisoner in his cell. He must explore the highway of wealth and fashion, and sympathize with the beggared wretch in the narrow lanes of the crowded city.

As representative men of these two classes, I would select Tennyson, the greatest of living poets, and Dickens, the novelist of the day. The poet-laureate lives upon the Isle of Wight, in close seclusion, and seldom mingles with the world. But from his island home he pours forth melodious verses, clothed in language majestic in its purity, and touching in its simplicity. His love of retirement is shown forth in his own words :

“ Be mine, a philosopher’s life, in the quiet woodland ways.”

Dickens lived in the crowded city of London ; in Society he was perfectly at home, and here, alone, he found the nourishment fitted to his genius. He had seen Society in all its phases, from the boot-black on the street, to the owner of vast estates ; at the circus, at the theatre, and at the court.

We have now looked alternately upon both sides of our subject, and seen that both are requisite to form a symmetrical character—that an undue portion of either, is equally pernicious, and that Solitude and Society mutually supplement each other. That one is fitted for contemplation and digestion, the other for comparison and observation. That Solitude, if used rightly, is God’s closet ; if abused, it paves the way to misanthropy. That Society is the main spring of action—it sharpens our faculties, makes us cheerful and obliging, and kindles within us noble desires by the power of sympathy.

We close with a quotation from the Spectator, which fully illustrates our meaning : “ Methinks most of the philosophers and moralists have run too much into extremes, in praising entirely either Solitude or public life ; in the former, men generally grow useless, by too much rest, and in the latter are destroyed by too much precipitation ; as waters lying still, putrify and are good for nothing ; and running violently on, do but the more mischief in their passage to

others, and are swallowed up and lost the sooner themselves. Those who can make themselves useful to all states, should be like gentle streams, that not only glide through lonely vales and forests amidst the flocks and shepherds, but visit populous towns in their course, and are at once of ornament and service to them."

FRAGMENTS FROM THE HISTORY OF THE LIT.

It may not be uninteresting to the readers of the LIT. to learn something about the history of our magazine, which has now attained to such an advanced age and remarkable degree of prosperity,—so we have made the following imperfect and hasty sketch of its origin and progress, from some of the bound volumes of the first issues of this periodical preserved in the college library.

1850 As far back as thirty years ago, following the worthy efforts made by the originators of the *Yale Literary Magazine*, the pioneer of college literature, we find, in the words of their prospectus, "a band of brothers bound by ardent affection to our Alma Mater," associated together in the editing of the embryo of our present magazine, bearing the sparkling title: "*A Gem from Nassau's Casket*," having for its motto the following quotation: "*Omnes undique flosculos carpam atque delibem.*"

Entering into the sphere properly occupied by college periodicals, we find their purpose and plans in keeping with their motto, thus modestly expressed: "We would not

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introduce ourselves, in the character of those, who having explored the vast field of science, would publish to the world the fruits of their hard toils, but profesting simply to have wandered a little way in the paths of literature, we would offer as a tribute to those who may patronize us, such flowers as we may cull in our leisure moments." *The Gem* was bound to no party or society interests, but its pages were open to all kinds of original productions, except such as contained sectarian principles whether religious or political. It made its first appearance on Thursday, February 20th, 1840, printed in a very neat form, covering eight pages. The articles contained in it were of an excellent variety, including in its columns those of a biographical, moralizing, and fictitious character, as also some few pieces of good poetry. In their second number, published March 5th, we find the editors encouraged, notwithstanding the opposition incurred, and the sneers of young and presumptive critics; but unfortunately it seemed to have come before its time, and after a few issues met with a premature death. This unfavorable conclusion of their labors did not affect them very long, however, for the resurrection of the magazine from its temporary tomb took place in February, 1842, when it was renamed and reconstructed as *The Nassau Monthly*. Its new dress resembled much its present style, but it was only 32 pages long, and did not have the handsome cover. This monthly was started and conducted by the class of '42, in the latter half of their senior year, and they deserve great credit for the able manner in which it was carried on. Among its active projectors may be mentioned Messrs. Theodore L. Cuyler, B. T. Phillips, T. W. Cattell, James B. Everhart, and Samuel Motter. The articles published in it are characterized by good thought, such as we might expect from the early genius of such contributors as T. L. Cuyler, Prof. Topping, Charles G. Leland and Geo. H. Boker.

Among the many interesting contributions there may be especially noticed the "College Portraits," by B. T. Phillips, of which there were five. The following are several of the characters: "The Bore," "The Rail Man"—a title given in those days to the man who stood at the foot of his class in scholarship, and who by an old established custom was honored with a ride on a rail, by some of the future candidates for his position, and "The First Honor Man." With such an auspicious beginning, the first volume closes with the seventh number in September, when the class graduated, and the editorial mantle fell upon the succeeding class of '43,—who entered upon their duties with a praiseworthy ambition not to let the high character which the magazine had obtained be sullied under their care, but rather to raise the standard of its literary merit. The trust was not misplaced, and, continuing to prosper under their control, it completed its second volume of nine numbers in August, the changed time of graduation, there being of course no publication of it during the vacations.

Flourishing under the guidance of able editors without any interruption or facts worthy of particular mention during a period of five or six years, we next notice it adopting its present name, *The Nassau Literary Magazine*, and clothing itself in the beautiful steel-engraved cover which now adorns it. A slightly changed Greek quotation from the fragments of Pindar was chosen as its appropriate motto, and is the same one now found on the cover under the finely executed engraving of the Hall of the Muses. It was still continued however as a monthly under the recent change. With varying success the magazine in its present form, having become identified with the interest of Princeton College, and receiving the support and patronage of its students, still grew in age, until the year 1863, when, provoked by some article criticising some action of the Faculty, the

authorities saw fit to forbid its publication. It remained under this temporary suppression for the space of nearly four years, when it was restored under the auspices of the class of '68 as a quarterly, being enlarged to its present number of sixty-four pages, as a fair exchange for the loss in the number of issues. There had been two abortive attempts to re-establish it under the name of *Nassau Quarterly* and *The Nassau World* previous to this, but both signally failed. The class of '68 immediately restored it to its proud position among the list of college magazines. It has since passed successively under the care of able editorial boards from the classes of '69 and '70, and now the editorial labors have been bequeathed to a new corps of editors upon whose and their successors' faithful and careful performance of the duties imposed upon them, will depend the future success and continued brilliant reputation of our much valued NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE. ALPHA.

PRESENT AND FUTURE.

It was a glorious day, in the middle of June,—the sun was streaming down in all its majesty and beauty, the feathered songsters were warbling forth sweet melody upon every tree; countless flowers of gorgeous hue were scenting the air with their delicate perfume, and all Nature was in her most joyous mood!

I do not know that this has anything whatever to do with my story—if story it can be called;—in fact, I am rather inclined to think it is in no way connected therewith; but

I believe it is the standard introduction, and I have a horror of breaking through conventionalities. At any rate, it can do no harm to gratify the many admirers of Nature, who are doubtless among my *numerous* readers, by the above life-like description of a June morning. I would not, however, have it understood that what I am about to narrate, actually happened upon such a morning. In fact it was quite the reverse.

Having made these preliminary explanations, I proceed to remark that I was on my way to a recitation in Latin. Nothing very remarkable in this,—you will say! Quite the contrary! A very prosaic and ordinary occurrence. Nor would I have my readers expect anything otherwise than prosaic and ordinary in what I am about to write. I never did succeed in the “blood and thunder” line, and I never hope to do so. I have not, in the course of my eventful life, effected more than half-a-dozen hair-breadth escapes from terribly romantic catastrophes—such as being scalped by “untutored savages,” eaten up by equally “untutored” bears, or mercilessly butchered by highway robbers, for refusing to deliver up my last ten cents. I have not shot more than five “Mohawks” in as many minutes,—nay, if I must confess it, I have not killed that number of my “fellow humans” during the whole of my mundane existence! I have not rescued more than fifteen young and charming maidens from impending danger; have never attempted to elope with more than three at a time; have not been desperately in love and on the eve of committing suicide more than twice! In fact, my life has been decidedly unromantic. I never expect to be made the hero of a dime-novel, nor do I hope ever to meet with that lovely morsel of perfection, commonly called a heroine.

In a word I am no believer in romance. I do not believe that anything is to be gained by imagining an impossible

concurrence of improbable catastrophes, brought about for the sole purpose of devising impossible means of escape. I cannot see that its application to the practical affairs of life is either feasible or beneficial. But in one respect, I do claim to rise above the common level of every-day routine. I have had bestowed upon me the faculty of reading the future by the present. How I became possessed of this faculty it would be unnecessary to state just here, nor could I expect all my readers to believe me, were I to do so. I write not for the incredulous, but for those who agree with our friend Hamlet, in his estimate of human philosophy, and its relations to the marvellous.

But to proceed. I entered the recitation-room, took my seat, opened my Juvenal, and composed myself for the proper enjoyment of the interesting exercises of the hour. The roll-call having been disposed of in the usual entertaining manner, the recitation began. The first individual called up to recite, was evidently unprepared, blundered through his translation, excited the laughter of the class by his views of syntax, and sat down, amid a burst of applause. I turned to my next neighbor, H., who is one of those men so frequently met with in college-life, who supply the place of daily newspapers, giving you all the latest gossip, and reflecting the latest phase of public opinion. Turning to him, I asked him his opinion of our classmate, who had just recited. "Smart—first-rate fellow—but intolerably lazy—I am afraid he will never amount to much." Such was his estimate of our blunderer's character; but as I watched him more attentively, I could see in that "blunderer" a certain air of coolness, a deliberation, a calm disregard of public opinion, an apparent consciousness of his own powers held in reserve, and a carelessness as to whether they were perceived by others; and, as I glanced forward into the future, I saw him a respected and honored judge,

whose opinion carried weight among his fellowmen by its acknowledged impartiality as well as by its legal correctness.

Hardly had our judge subsided with a merry twinkle in his eye, when my meditations were interrupted by the rising of another of my classmates, in answer to the call of the Prof. He, too,—not the Prof.—was imperfectly prepared, made several errors of judgment, in deciding some delicate point as to conjugation or declension; was inclined to guess two different genders before he finally concluded as to the right one; and seemed to be opposed on principle to giving any explanation of construction at all in accordance with the views of the worthy Dr. Bullion, or any of the other more generally received authorities on such subjects. Still, he manifested a desire to learn, listened attentively to the criticisms of the Professor, accepted gracefully the corrections that were made, and sat down a wiser man than he rose. Very few paid attention to his recitation, and little thought was bestowed upon it by those who listened; but as I looked at his future life, and saw him a distinguished statesman and legislator, I could not refrain from smiling at the indifference now manifested by his classmates, towards one whom they would hereafter delight to honor. My friend H. was by this time busily engaged in conversation with his neighbor, on the other side, and I resisted the temptation to startle his sense of propriety and his belief in “manifest destiny,” by informing him of my discovery as to the very “ordinary” individual who was attracting so little attention from his associates. It was well, perhaps, for my sensibilities that I refrained from expressing my own views upon the subject, and confined myself to solitary meditations of a character far from flattering to my short-sighted classmates.

My meditations were interrupted, by a sudden demon-

stration of muscular energy, in the lower extremities of those around me, the immediate result of which was to raise a cloud of dust, and to rouse the joking propensities of the Prof. I would have been at a loss to account for this unexpected event, had I not observed one of my classmates, smiling and nodding to his friends in all parts of the room, and occasionally casting a semi-defiant, semi-triumphant glance at the Professor,—in a word, the most self-satisfied man in the class, at that particular moment. I at once divined that my friend E—— had “stumped,” and was now receiving the congratulations of his neighbors for his courage. Perhaps, it did not require the cool, dispassionate, cynical philosophy of a Diogenes, to assert that my friend E—— was seeking popularity; nor, perhaps, did it require a very keen foresight to discover in his nature, the future politician, the demagogue of the class; yet, I must confess, I prided myself somewhat, on perceiving what very few seemed to anticipate.

I had become so deeply engrossed in my own self-complacent thoughts, that I was unaware of the further proceedings of the hour, until happening to glance up, my eyes rested upon one of my classmates, who was reciting in a low voice, as if unwilling to attract attention, and whose modest bearing was in marked contrast with some who had preceded him. His recitation would have been called a “rowl,” if it had been sufficiently noticed by the class to have received any designation. He was one of those men, about whom the opinion-makers among men give themselves no trouble; one of that quiet, unobtrusive sort, who pass through the world without having their characters made the subject of discussion, unless their position in life lays them open to inspection;—one of the sort whose self-complacency, very far removed from self-conceit, makes them indifferent to any criticism but that of their own con-

sciences, and the opinions of a few trusted friends—who do not court flattery, and so avoid detraction. Had I said to my next neighbor, "That man will never make his mark in the world," he probably would have assented with a nod; or if I had said, "That man has great abilities, and will be eminent in his day," I would probably have received the same reply, while my next neighbor would have dismissed the subject from his thoughts. The real future of my modest, retiring classmate, as revealed to me, was a brilliant and a useful one. I foresaw him leading the medical profession of his adopted city,—a trusted physician, an honored citizen, a devoted friend.

Again my reverie was interrupted,—this time, by the calling of a name which at once aroused attention and directed the eyes of his classmates full upon the possessor. The name was that of the "smart man" of the class. He does not take first; but is universally acknowledged to have the ability, if he had the inclination to do so. He is considered a fine writer, a powerful debater, a deep thinker, and, in fact, makes his mark in whatever he undertakes. He is by no means unpopular; has an air of carelessness as to grade and Faculty, which gains him the admiration of his classmates. Probably if any one had been called upon to name the man who would be most distinguished in the future, he would have pointed to this very individual. He was expected to be the eminent lawyer, the celebrated judge, or perhaps even the statesman of the class. Had I informed them of the real future of the man, as a hard-working country minister, in an obscure Western town, I would probably have been laughed at for my pains. So I concealed my thoughts and confined myself to noticing closely his recitation. He had evidently never seen the passage he was endeavoring to translate before, and was relying upon his general knowledge of the language to help

him through; yet he managed by giving prominence to what he knew, and by using ambiguous expressions where he was in doubt, as well as by the air of certainty with which he made his wildest guesses, to impress the class with a feeling that he had "made a tear" and sustained his reputation. There was, nevertheless, a sense of superficiality left upon my mind, which all his brilliancy could not overcome.

I refrained from giving any indication of my feeling upon the subject; yet I could not help moralizing with myself upon the false judgments of the world. Had I named to my friend H—the man who would, in reality, be the distinguished man of the class—a hard working student of mediocre abilities, persevering, who by application succeeded in taking a high position, he would probably have ridiculed my choice.

And as I left the class-room, I must confess I was tempted to indulge in some opinions far from flattering to the foresight, the insight,—or the *recite*—of my fellow-men.

W.

A displaced or mutilated nerve communicates its sensation to the place nature originally assigned to it. Thus should a man, however much he may be diverted by the force of circumstances, ever strive to accomplish that for which he is naturally fitted.

Reviews.

THE LAWS OF DISCURSIVE THOUGHT: BEING A TEXT-BOOK OF FORMAL LOGIC.
By James McCosh, LL.D., President of New Jersey College, &c., &c.
New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 1870.

This work was eagerly awaited by all lovers of mental science, coming as it did from the pen of one who is acknowledged never to have feared to step from the beaten track, at the same time that he has avoided those extremes which minds less evenly balanced are tempted to run into. With regard to its merits or demerits in a scientific point of view, we are of course not competent to judge, and must needs await the decision of professional critics and logicians; but one thing we feel at liberty to assert with regard to President McCosh's Logic—it will be very acceptable to students—however it may affect the more fastidious taste of Professors. While he has disregarded the example of Whately, and has devoted a great part of his work to the discussion of the Term—or, as it is called in the treatise before us, the Notion—he has yet succeeded in making this subject interesting and instructive to a degree which we had not anticipated. A new set of examples has been substituted for those rendered familiar to American students through the pages of Whately, and in his treatment of Material Fallacies, President McCosh has given many useful hints clothed in entertaining garb, very far removed from the dry, scientific manner in which the subject is sometimes treated.

We cannot refrain from quoting the following passage from his chapter on "The Concrete and the Abstract," as illustrating the happy manner in which practical instruction is evolved by our author from subjects apparently the most barren: "In order to brace their frame, students should be encouraged to mount the heights of philosophy where they have a wide and glorious prospect opened to them; but lest, by the cold to which they are there exposed, they have the warm current of feeling frozen at the heart, let them ever be ready to return to what they feel after all to be the dearest of

spots—the home of the affections. We do not wish to find the youth parting with his youthful feelings; we do not like to see the young man with the face of the old man; we rather like to see the old man retaining some of his boyish buoyancy. Our noble English tongue has happily been retaining the old Saxon words and idioms which furnish ‘sweet household words and phrases of the earth,’ while it has been adding to them scientific phrases derived from the Greek and Latin Languages. On a like principle, let students, while seeking to master the deep abstractions, the high generalizations of science and philosophy, cherish their love of the individual, the concrete, the natural: thus only may they be able to keep the simplicity of childhood amid the growing wisdom of age.”

It is by such passages as these, occurring in the midst of what in itself is unattractive and unpractical, that President McCosh enlists the attention of his readers and proves that he fully appreciates the value of the advice we have just transcribed—that he has not kept himself aloof upon “the heights of philosophy” where he cannot be reached by the uninitiated—that he has not—like too many—buried his learning and his talents in the perennial snows of that elevated summit—but that he is ever ready to bring down the results of his investigations and to impart them to the dwellers on the plain, in such a manner that they serve to make life happier and labor more successful.

In his preface, our author states that “the science of Logic is to be constructed only by a careful inductive investigation of the operations of the human mind as it is employed in thinking.” This assertion has already called out severe criticism from certain quarters, and seems likely to provoke still more. But however the discussion may be settled by older and wiser heads than ours, we feel sure that Dr. McCosh’s Logic will be widely read, and that it will always be read with interest and satisfaction. As for ourselves, we are indebted to this work for many a hearty laugh at the absurdities of false reasoning, as well as many valuable suggestions as to the employment of true argumentation. When an author has succeeded in making his subject interesting, he has gone a great distance towards making it practical, and if constructing Logic on *a posteriori* principles, tends to effect the former—as it certainly seems calculated to accomplish the latter—we congratulate the collegiate world upon this addition to their stock of text-books.

We regret that we have not received Prof. McIlvaine’s new work on ELOCUTION in time for reviewal in this number.

We have received a small pamphlet, published by Schermerhorn & Co., entitled THE BIBLE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS, which contains arguments on both sides of this much-vexed question, and will be found of use to the candid inquirer after truth.

Olla-podrida.

In introducing ourselves to you, kind readers, we feel that we are not entire strangers, for we have come clothed in a familiar costume, as custodians and directors of our good old Literary Magazine, which has now attained to such a dignified age, and is so intimately associated with the interests of our Alma Mater.

In assuming the pilotage of this staunch and well-equipped bark, we duly feel our responsibility as successors of a long list of able commanders, who have steered her so successfully through these twenty-six years. It will be our duty and labor to sustain her past reputation, and keep her clear of the breakers of a rival paper, and the shoals of a laxity of support, which lie in her course, and bring her safely to the haven laden with a rich and well sorted cargo.

But as all vessels require a crew in addition to their officers, we expect and solicit a hearty co-operation on the part of our fellow-students, to man her sails, and supply the necessary stores. It must not be supposed that the Seniors are the only able-bodied seamen to undertake this duty, but we wish all the classes to take a similar interest in her welfare, and give us their aid, so that she may in fact represent the whole institution.

And to our graduate friends we would appeal for more sympathy and patronage in purchasing of our wares, and giving us their countenance and cordial support.

Hoping you will be lenient to any bad steering, and wishing you much pleasure from our twenty-seventh voyage, we close with our official salute.

In Memoriam.

It is our sad duty to record another death in our ranks, and this time in our very midst. George Wilson Pillow of the Junior Class died very suddenly on the 15th of May, from neuralgia of the heart, after only a few min-

utes of pain, having enjoyed his usual good health until that time. It was a great shock, coming as it did early on a quiet Sabbath morning, and cast a deep gloom over the college. He was a faithful student, and was well esteemed by his classmates, although not very long among us, and his loss is deeply felt. After a short, appropriate service in the chapel, his body was followed to the railroad depot by the whole college, when it was consigned to the care of six classmates appointed as a committee to convey the remains to his home in Springdale, in Western Pennsylvania. The following are the resolutions drawn up by the class at a meeting held on the morning of the 16th of May; we regret that our space does not permit the printing of those drafted by the American Whig Society, of which he was an active member.

Whereas, Since it hath pleased Almighty God to remove from us by sudden death our esteemed friend and classmate, GEORGE W. PILLOW; and

Whereas, We recognize in this, God's wise dispensation, and bow in humble submission to his will; therefore,

Resolved, That in the death of George W. Pillow we have lost a dear friend and companion, and our college a devoted student.

Resolved, That our deepest sympathy and condolence be tendered to the relatives and friends of the deceased, in this their great affliction.

Resolved, That the class wear mourning for thirty days, and that six members be appointed to accompany the remains home.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and also to *The Princetonian*, *The Pittsburgh Commercial*, and the *Presbyterian Banner*.

ANDREW P. HAPPEL, JR.,
JOSIAH MCCLAIN,
JOHN S. GARDNER,
OLIVER A. KERR,
LEWIS H. MATERS,
Committee.

More recently one of our most distinguished graduates, living among us in Princeton, a former Professor of Law in our college, whose name is intimately associated with the educational interests of this State, and until recently holding the high honor of Judge of the U. S. District Court of New Jersey, has been taken from us. Richard S. Field, as a loyal alumnus, a warm and active friend of the college, and a true American Whig, will be sadly missed. As a jurist and a patron of literature, his death is a sore loss, stricken down as he was in the midst of his usefulness. He was buried in the Princeton Cemetery with the illustrious dead. The funeral was attended in a body by the students, the Whigs acting as chief mourners.

His bereaved family have our warmest sympathy and condolence.

THE RELIGIOUS REVIVAL.—The religious interest which began after a long waiting upon God at the end of the last term, has continued all this session, and many tokens of God's favor have been vouchsafed to us during the past few weeks. Largely attended daily prayer meetings of the whole college have been held at evening in the chapel, at which times many have come out and professed a faith in Christ, and a purpose to live for him. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler was here to address these meetings, several times in his usual effective manner, and the remarks of Prof. Blakie and Dr. Arnot, Delegates from the Free Church of Scotland to the Presbyterian General Assembly, while on a visit here, were listened to with much interest. Other class meetings for prayer have been held also every day in private rooms at different hours. May the good work continue, and our petitions at the throne of Grace be more abundantly answered!

DICKINSON HALL is rapidly drawing towards completion; the roof is on and much of the inside work done; since the scaffolding has been removed the building shows to a great advantage. It will be finished by September, in time for occupation when the college opens next fall, and it promises to be one of the finest recitation buildings in the country. It is built of sandstone, 154 feet long by 54 feet wide, and is three stories high, facing North. The front of the building near the top is adorned with a stone slab, inscribed with the name of the Hall, and that of the Hon. John C. Green, the kind benefactor who is erecting it. There are four entrances, one on each side, three of which lead to stairways. There are twelve large rooms in all, four on the first floor, and four on the second; these have very high ceilings and are well lighted with good large windows. The middle room of the three on the third story is a fine examination hall, with high windows to prevent the straying of thoughts, where we anticipate many a trying ordeal before we leave its walls. It is to be heated with steam, which will be a great and much desired improvement on stoves, which are either overheated or cold through the carelessness of the servants. The lecture rooms are to be furnished with comfortable arm-chairs, so that the reign of unsightly benches is nearly over; in some of the rooms these chairs will be raised as they recede from the Professor's desk, to afford a good view for all.

In all respects we have reason to be proud of our new recitation hall, and feel grateful to the kind friend who has delivered us from the cellars where many of us have been compelled to recite. Under such favorable circumstances we suppose a corresponding improvement in recitations will be expected.

REUNION HALL.—At the invitation of the President and Trustees of the College, a committee of twenty were appointed by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, in session at Philadelphia, to come up to Princeton on the 28th of May, to lay the corner-stone of the new Dormitory, which

in honor of the happily consummated re-union of the Old and New School branches of the denomination, is called Reunion Hall.

Accompanying this delegation there were some one hundred and fifty other members and quite a number of ladies, who came up in a chartered train to see the ceremonies, and many of them to revisit their old collegiate home and see the many improvements which have been so recently made. They were escorted by the Faculty and a committee of the Trustees to the Gymnasium on their arrival, where they were invited to partake of a collation of ice cream, strawberries and cake. The refreshment was concluded with some very interesting remarks from some of the distinguished gentlemen present. During the interval before the exercises connected with the object of their visit, the time was occupied by our guests in seeing the buildings, and other objects of interest in the college. At the appointed time, half-past three P. M., the students formed in line and marched from the chapel to the location of the building, where a large crowd were assembled to witness the proceedings. It is being erected in a part of what was Prof. Melvaine's garden, facing East, the front being almost in a line with the rear of West College. The late residence of Prof. Melvaine is being rapidly torn down to make room for it and will be rebuilt in the rear of Dickinson Hall. It will be 125 feet long, 35 feet wide, five stories high, with a French roof, and will have accommodations for seventy students. It will be very handsomely finished, judging from the drawing in the Library. The exercises were opened by a prayer from Dr. Musgrave, and then President McCosh introduced Rev. J. Trumbull Backus, D. D., of Schenectady, N. Y., Moderator of the General Assembly, who performed the ceremony of laying the stone, after previously putting within it a sealed tin box containing the following documents: Annual and Triennial Catalogues of the College of New Jersey, Catalogues of the Princeton Theological Seminary, Inaugural Address of President McCosh, Proceedings at the laying of the corner stone of the Observatory, and the Inauguration of the Gymnasium, The Nassau Literary Magazine, The Princeton Review, The Princetonian, Evangelist, The Presbyterian, The New York Observer, The Minutes of the Assemblies held in New York, and at Pittsburgh in 1869. After it was done the Moderator made some very appropriate remarks, wishing that the building "may endure through the ages to come, a monument of our re-union, and that which it commemorates, until that better and grander re-union of all Christian people is accomplished in the house not made with hands in the general assembly of the heavens, to the glory of God in the highest, and good will and peace for men upon earth."

Judge Strong of Pennsylvania, chairman of the committee, was next introduced, who expressed his great interest in the occasion which had brought them here, and his best wishes for the welfare and prosperity of our

institution. He was followed by interesting speeches from the Reverend Drs. Adams and Jacobus, and Hon. Wm. E. Dodge of New York. The hymn "All hail the power of Jesus' name" was then sung by the college choir and assembled multitude, after which Ex-President Maclean closed the exercises with prayer and the benediction. Every thing passed off pleasantly, the weather although cloudy kept clear of rain, and the day is one that will be long remembered.

OUR MUSEUM.—We are very glad to hear that the sum of two thousand dollars has been given by Mrs. David Brown of Princeton, to renovate and improve the condition of our museum. We hope this will be the means of awakening an interest in this department of our institution, for although a very important part of a college, it has been sadly neglected, and has received no additions to its catalogue of articles for quite a number of years. With this money the college authorities intend to remove the benches which now disfigure and crowd the room, and take down the partition dividing the back apartment, now used as a laboratory, from the front, and throw the whole into one large room. They also expect to increase the collection of specimens in the cabinets, and have them all "overhauled and refixed. We would also suggest an improvement of the old fashioned windows, and other alterations for the better appearance of the hall. The Philadelphian and the present Freshman recitation rooms will be used as store and unpacking departments; it is to be hoped they will see much service in this use.

A few words to our graduates and friends on this interesting subject. The great need is an endowment fund, the yearly proceeds of which can be devoted to the collecting of new materials and specimens. The truth of this statement is sadly realized in the present poor state of the museum, unsustained as it is by cash or presents. Can not some lover of the study of Natural History be found to aid us with the necessary money? There is no better object to which it could be applied.

The next want is numerous contributions to its collection from all those who are admirers of the animal creation, and those who have a fondness for collecting and seeing curiosities and relics. When devotees make their pilgrimages to the temples of their patron saint, they always enrich the shrine of their idol with costly offerings, why then should not our loyal alumni, when making their periodical pilgrimages to the temple of their Alma Mater, bring with them suitable gifts to deck her walls and fill her cabinets, as tokens of their kind remembrance and lively interest in her welfare? It is only in this way that our cabinets can be filled and made valuable, and it is an interesting work, in which everybody can assist as a stockholder in the prosperity of our institution.

Those who travel abroad are constantly meeting with valuable and interesting articles, nor are opportunities wanting of picking up acceptable articles

at home, such as recently occurred in Trenton, where some precious gold coins of an old date were found and sold at merely nominal prices. In all our exchanges we are constantly reading of contributions made to the different college museums.

Brown University recently received several valuable ancient coins, another college received a handsome marble bust of some poet from an Italian studio, and another had a gift of fine paintings, &c. Mr. Whitehill of our graduating class, has led off with a rich present of silver ore; who will be the next to follow this good example? There is a fair selection of animals and birds now in the museum for a beginning; let an interest be created in its behalf, and let it be rapidly filled, in which case there will be an urgent call upon some liberal friend of the college to come forward and furnish us a building, which we will be proud to call THE MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY OF PRINCETON COLLEGE.

CAMPUS.—As before intimated, the services of Mr. Donald G. Mitchell of New Haven, more extensively known as Ik Marvel, have been secured as landscape gardener to make drawings and plans for the improvement of the whole Campus. It will necessarily be the work of several years, but it will be thorough and complete, so that in a few years there will be a beautiful change in the college premises. Mr. Sandoz has been recently making a careful survey of all the college property, with plots of the buildings and trees, in order to furnish Mr. Mitchell the necessary maps from which to draw his plans. It is proposed to have the ground before Dickinson Hall laid out and made smooth during the summer, so they have been filling up the ruts and holes, and are rapidly pulling down the old house which has so long marred the appearance of the place. In course of time Prof. Atwater's house will be removed, and the whole thrown open into one wide Campus, making a front of 670 feet wide and 280 feet deep. The college authorities hope that the consent of the Common Council will be obtained to have that great eye-sore, the market-house, removed, and the street in front of the college property straightened. This will enhance the beauty of the street as well as that of the adjoining property. The whole will be enclosed with a handsome iron fence. We wish them much success in this good work. The notice given to idle intruders upon the Campus we hope will be fully carried out.

FIELD SPORTS.—Since the warm days have come, out-door exercise and games are the most popular, so that the gymnasium and bowling alleys are but slimly attended. It has been no uncommon sight to see even "reverend Seniors" and "stately Juniors" playing marbles and tossing pennies. Pitching quoits is quite the rage this year; their clear iron ring can be heard nearly the whole day, for there are several sets constantly in use. The grounds in the neighborhood of West College bear proof as to how

effectually they have been employed, for they dig frog-ponds wherever they are pitched. No matches for the championship have been played that we know of, or the scores would have been recorded.

CROQUET.—This game is rather below par, and has been for some time. There are now only two sets of wickets upon the grounds.

Like everything else it is the presence of ladies which makes the game so fascinating; those played by gentlemen alone do not keep up in interest long, and are very dull compared with those played in the company of the fair sex. Why could not some games for the croquet championship be played with some of our young lady institutions? Will Vassar throw down the gauntlet and send us a challenge? It is understood they have good players there and capital grounds. We await a reply.

THE CHAPEL.—Ground has been broken and part of the foundation laid for the enlargement of the chapel. It is to be lengthened so as to give room for seventy more students. It will be finished during the summer before our return. It is to be hoped that this is only a temporary expedient, for we greatly need a new building to accommodate the rapidly increasing number of students, who are entering our college.

SOMETHING VERY UNACCOUNTABLE.—Why the dust can't be removed after the chapel and recitation rooms have been swept. Cannot the servants be made to do their business properly?

A PHILANTHROPIC DEED.—We hail with much pleasure the appearance of four very neat out-door benches in the front Campus; we hope they are the first of many more, for they are of good service and have been much needed. The back Campus must not be neglected however. It seems to us that those in the front Campus should be fastened to the ground, on the side of the walks, for being movable now, they are constantly displaced, leaving behind them in each place spots trodden down, which in time will become bare, and thus spoil the beautiful verdure for which the Campus is so justly admired. We will look for some fine music now, for so comfortable seats and cool moonlight nights cannot help inspiring sweet strains.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON LECTURES.—Pres. McCosh finishes his course of lectures on the "Establishment of the Early Christian Church, and the Labors of Paul," with the end of this session. His course next year will be either the Old Testament or the Doctrines. They are still very interesting, and afford much instruction to those who give them their attention.

CHAPEL STAGE SPEAKING.—The rumor current about college in regard to the abolishment of this old annual exercise is totally unfounded. It will be good news to ambitious orators who are not over confident of an opportunity to shine on the Commencement stage, for they will still have the chance to

make the arches of the chapel reverberate with their high flights of eloquence. There is no doubt that the good character of the speeches delivered there within the last few years will be sustained.

PROF. McILVAINE's new book, "Elocution," is out.

THE NEW POST OFFICE.—The town certainly ought to be congratulated upon the neat and commodious quarters the new Postmaster has secured, but it would have been much more convenient to the largest number of those who get letters, if the old place had been refitted, situated as it was near the centre of the town. A few spare minutes before recitations were very handy for going to "post," but it is too far to go now. The shoemakers will reap the most advantage from the change, by the wear on sole leather from the *smooth* and *even* Princeton pavements.

HAMMOCKS are quite in the fashion, and a number of very fair home-made ones have appeared in different rooms. The initiated in the art of knots are very generous in their offers to teach those who desire to learn. The expense is small, and the labor well rewarded.

THE CHAIR OF BELLES LETTRES.—The successor of Prof. McIlvaine in this professorship, has not been elected yet, but the Trustees will have it under consideration when they meet before Commencement.

MUSICAL SOIREEs.—We had the pleasure of attending one of the musical soirees given by the young ladies of Dr. Nassau's Seminary at Lawrenceville, and were highly entertained. Why could not these musicals be made reciprocal to our Junior Orator contest and Class Day exercises, to which the young ladies are respectfully invited.

JUNIOR PRIZE.—The editors of the last LIT. seem to have overlooked the fact of Mrs. John R. Thomson of Princeton having given the sum of two hundred dollars, as a prize to the one who stands highest in his studies for the Junior Year.

HON. GEORGE MAXWELL ROBESON, '47, Secretary of the Navy, delivers the annual address before the Literary Societies at this Commencement as the representative of the Cliosophic Society.

NASSAU ROCKET is the name of a new base-ball sold by Stelle & Smith. It has not realized the expectations formed of it, as it is too soft. Its weight is $5\frac{1}{4}$ oz., and $9\frac{1}{4}$ inches in circumference, and was intended to be a medium between the Bounding Rock and Atlantic.

'72's FIRST NINE SUIT is one of the handsomest we have ever seen. It consists of a plaid blue and white cap, white flannel shirt and drawers, reaching to the knee, trimmed with blue, a blue web belt, and long blue stockings with the usual white canvas shoes. There is a shield on the breast embroidered with the figures '72. As they are nearly all of the same height, they present a very fine appearance on the ball field.

GREEK.—During Prof. Cameron's absence, Prof. Packard, our new Latin instructor, has kindly consented, during the session, to take charge of the Junior class, while they have been reading the play of *Antigone*; while Tutor Turner has had the hard task of putting the Sophomores through.

PROBABLE RETURN.—As we stated in the last number of the *LIT.*, Tutor Hunt received a call from one of the largest churches in the city of Philadelphia. We were afraid that in this way we might lose him; but, for our own sakes at least, we are glad to say, that there is a possibility of his remaining in Princeton during the coming year.

EXCURSIONS FOR PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION.—This is a system of imparting knowledge which is entirely unappreciated by our Faculty; at least, there is never any attempt made to give it a trial. To our minds, it would be the means of making our course in Geology, especially, doubly interesting and very practical, if each class could make one or two trips with Prof. Guyot to learn by actual observation and repeated investigation the names, and different structures of the rocks found in these regions, and be shown examples of the dip, faults, folds, and the anticlinal, synclinal and unconformable positions of the strata.

This is evidently necessary, as but very imperfect ideas can be formed on these points from the drawings good as they are, and it is next to an impossibility to recognize the different species of rocks from some hasty glances at a few specimens lying on the recitation table. This plan of instruction is carried on by several of our best colleges, if we are not mistaken, with considerable success; and since we have several good geological localities, especially the marl banks, so rich in fossils, in our immediate neighborhood, we cannot see why one or two days might not be given up to so profitable an end. It need not be an item of expense to the college, for every student in the class would gladly bear his own expenses. We would respectfully recommend this subject to the attention of the Faculty.

MARRIED.—It is rumored in college that there are three members of the graduating class married. We are sorry that we cannot give their names. If our *LIT.* had progressed so far as to have a marriage column, such as is found in some of the exchanges from certain young ladies' institutions, their names would probably have been handed in for publication.

PROF. CAMERON.—The latest news from him is dated Athens, May 12th. He had been there only a short time, having travelled through Italy, visiting Florence, Rome, and Naples. He is now accompanied by Mr. Geo. Hope, '69, who has been in Europe for a year. While they were crossing the Adriatic from Italy into Greece, their steamer met with quite an unfortunate accident, in the breaking of the screw. The broken part caused an interference with the steering, and as the ship leaked badly from the same

cause, it became a dangerous matter. With great trouble, after drifting nearly a hundred miles, they reached a port in the southern part of Dalmatia. They embarked again from Trieste, and having landed in Greece, soon arrived safely at Athens. We wish them a very pleasant time.

CLASS PHOTOGRAPHS.—Mr. Wm. R. Howell, of New York, is still behind time, and as yet there has been no delivery of pictures. It certainly shows mismanagement some where for failing to fulfill his engagements. This want of promptness will undoubtedly injure his prospects with the succeeding class.

BASE BALL.—There has been a great lack of interest in this game, we are sorry to notice, among our first nines this season. This is due in great part to the absorbing interest which has been given to the University Nine, embracing as it does members from each of the four classes. It is to be greatly regretted, for the class matches for the championship of the college, are the most exciting matches played here, and they have been badly missed, especially as there has been no nine here to play the Universities to make up for the loss. The second and third nines of the different classes however have made good use of these opportunities, and can show some scores, which will compare favorably with those of the first nine of Cornell, about which they give such long and glowing accounts. As there is very little chance of a series of games being played with '70 between now and the close of the session, they will probably take the championship out with them.

THE UNIVERSITY NINE.—It is two years since our last nine made its tour to play our sister institutions in Connecticut and the Bay State; undiscouraged by a partial defeat we propose to send them this year on a wider mission. The nine is composed of the following members:

J. E. Sharp, '70, c.; Thomas Glen, '70, p.; Arthur Pell, '73, 1st b.; W. F. H. Buck, '70, 2d b., capt.; Alex. Van Rensselear, '71, 3d b.; G. W. Mann, '72, s. s.; F. A. Ward, '70, l. f.; W. S. Gummere, '70, c. f.; C. M. Field, '71, r. f.; T. K. Bradford, '72, substitute; R. H. Patterson, '71, scorer. They will leave here on the 29th of June, and play Brown University on the 30th; Harvard July 1st; Amherst July 2d; the Lowell Club on the 4th; Yale the 6th; Rose Hill Club, Fordham, N. Y., the 7th, and the Stars of Brooklyn, on the 8th. In all probability quite a number of students will accompany them on the trip; among this number will be Mr. Goldie, instructor of Gymnastics, and the Nassau Quartette, composed of Messrs. Irvin, Joline, Johnston and Van Rensselear. The nine will wear a uniform like the suit worn by the first nine of '72, and since they are in pretty good trim, we wish and hope for them a pleasant and successful journey. Since we will have met our New England friends twice on their own fields, we hope they will find the inclination and time to return our courtesy by coming

here and playing the return matches on our own grounds. We can assure them a hearty welcome and a friendly reception to as many as may desire to come, as these rivalries cannot but be the means of fostering a more extended and pleasant intercourse between the different colleges.

JUNIOR ORATOR CONTEST.—There is a general anticipation of a lively competition this year between the following eight representatives of the American Whig and Clisosophic Societies from the Junior Class. They will speak in the following order:

CLIO.

J. Leander Sooy, N. J.,
 Fred. K. Castner, N. Y.,
 Oliver A. Kerr, Penn.,
 Joseph A. Owen, N. J.,

WHIG.

John G. Weir, Ky.,
 Hugh H. Hamill, N. J.,
 Edward J. Todd, Penn.,
 Lewis Henry Mayers, O.

PORTRAITS OF OUR FORMER PRESIDENTS.—Prof. S. F. B. Morse has presented the college with a painting of his late grandfather, Pres. Finley, and Mrs. McDonald, daughter of the late Pres. Carnahan, has given a portrait of her father to be kept by the college till another portrait comes to us on the death of her sister. With these two valuable additions, the list of the paintings of our college Presidents will be complete with one exception, that of Pres. Davies.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.—At a meeting of the Philadelphian Society held on the evening of the first Saturday of June, the following officers were elected to serve the next half year. Josiah McClain, '71, President; James W. Hageman, '72, Librarian; M. S. Shotwell, '72, Treasurer; L. R. Smith, '72, Recording Secretary.

WELL BEGUN.—A prominent lawyer of Pennsylvania has given the college \$1,000 toward endowing the chair of Modern Languages.

SOPHOMORE PRIZE.—We understand that the President has received about \$7,000, and expects soon to receive \$2,000 more, left by Mr. Steinecke formerly a student of this college, and who died when a young man. When the sum has so accumulated as to yield \$600 a year, then \$100 goes for a prize to the Junior Orators, and \$500 for a prize for the Sophomore Class, to be called the Maclean Prize, in honor of Ex-President Maclean, to whom Mr. Steinecke was much attached.

BOXING.—The admirers of this kind of exercise might have seen some displays of pugilistic skill in the East end of North College during the present session, where there were several rounds boxed nearly every evening.

'72's BOAT CLUB.—The Sophomores have begun in earnest their plans for aquatic honors, by securing two fine six oared gigs each 42 feet long. The crews may be seen vigorously training every pleasant evening on the canal, which is quite wide enough to float two abreast, and afford an opportu-

nity for racing. With such a favorable beginning, we expect to see them soon enter the lists as contestants in some race with our neighboring institutions. The names of the officers are: C. Wellington Kase, President; H. W. Guernsey, Captain; S. E. Ewing, Treasurer; Alvin Devereux, Sec'y.

CONSECRATION.—The new edifice of the Episcopalians, Trinity Church, was recently consecrated. It only needs the completion of the tower to make it one of the handsomest churches in town, both as regards its interior and exterior appearance.

PHILADELPHIAN SOCIETY.—The Trustees of the college having given this Association a choice of two localities for their new hall, the Society have chosen the Senior and Junior recitation rooms above Geological Hall, which will be thrown into one large, well ventilated room. We think it is a good situation, and it will afford the good accommodations of which the Association has so long stood in need, for their present quarters are very poor and close, the ceiling being low, and the room altogether too small to furnish seats for all who attend its meetings. With a new and inviting hall, and a good reading apartment, we shall hope to see the Society exert a still greater influence for good in the college.

CLASS DAY.—The success of '69's Class Day has awakened quite an interest in this public exercise of the graduating class, and many pleasant anticipations are formed in regard to the coming one, which—from the preparations being made by the energetic committee—we doubt not, will be realized. The exercises, which take place on the 27th in the First Presbyt'n Church, begin at one o'clock P. M. with the Class Poem, composed and read by Thos. D. Suplee; Wm. P. Schell presiding as Master of Ceremonies. The Poem is followed by the Class Oration, delivered by Thos. B. Brown, when the assembly adjourns and meets next in the College Library, when W. B. Glen, with an appropriate address, presents to the College on behalf of the class a complete set of Knight's Encyclopædia. President McCosh will respond in behalf of the College. The company next meet on the open ground around the S. E. corner of the Gymnasium. The Seniors will there plant an ivy, and insert a marble slab with the figures '70 inscribed on it into the wall of the Gymnasium, after which M. R. Sooy pronounces the Ivy Oration. But the most interesting part of the performance is reserved till the last, around the revolutionary cannon. At this place there will be read a portion of the Class History, by their historian, F. H. Pierce, which promises to be very good. The Presentation Orator is H. S. Harris, from whose hand many now unconscious prize-drawers will receive their farewell souvenirs from their appreciating classmates. We repeat the list of those who will receive prizes: The Infant, the Lazy Man, the Best Moustache, the Least Inquisitive Man, the Nobbiest Man, the Smallest Foot, the "Wickedest" Man, the Wittiest Man, the "Mean Grin" Man, the Best Gymnast. We

wish Mr. Harris the success Mr. Jobs of '69 had in treating this most interesting and amusing part of the Class Day exercises.

The day will close with a grand Promenade Concert in the Campus, which will be brilliantly illuminated with hundreds of Chinese Lanterns. Grafulla's Band will be in attendance all day, and the cool evening air will be enlivened with some of their sweetest strains. Arrangements have been made to have the late trains going both East and West to stop here for the accommodation of those wishing to return the same evening. If the weather is favorable, it will be one of the most festive occasions Old Nassau has seen for some time.

THE CLASS OF '60 have been taking measures to found a Fellowship at this Commencement. Fuller announcements will be made at their Decennial meeting, to be held in the Chapel on Tuesday next, between 4 and 6 P. M. We understand it will be devoted to the Physical Sciences.

HONORARY APPOINTMENTS FOR COMMENCEMENT:—

Theodoric B. Pryor, Latin Salutatory.
 William H. Miller, Greek Salutatory.
 Elmer Ewing Green, English Salutatory.
 Stephenson A. Williams, Metaphysical Oration.
 Hugh Graham Kyle, Valedictory.
 George Heberton Hooper, Classical Oration.
 John Ellsworth Peters, Physical Oration.
 John Todd Shelby, Historical Oration.
 Abner Bailey Kelly, Classical Oration.
 George C. Yeisley, Belles Lettres Oration.
 Adrian Hoffman Joline, Literary Oration.
 Emelius W. Smith, Philosophical Oration.
 Joseph Thomas Kelly, Philosophical Oration.
 J. William McIlvain, Classical Oration.
 G. Clinton Deaver, Mathematical Oration.

All articles for the October LIT. must be handed in by the 15th of October. A prize of TWENTY DOLLARS will be given for the best prose essay.

Terms: \$2.25 per annum, *strictly in advance*.

All communications must be addressed to the NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE, Box 139, Princeton, N. J.

LIT. BOARD.

June—Wm. B. Hornblower, N. J., Andrew P. Happer, Jr., China.

October—Benjamin S. Lassiter, N. C., Samuel M. Perry, Del.

December—Frederick A. Pell, N. J., David Mixsell, N. J.

March—Benjamin B. Warfield, Ky., Alexander G. Van Cleve, N. J.

Treasurer—Samuel M. Nave, Mo.

FOREIGN NEWS.

In these days of cosmopolitanism, those who are familiar with the transactions only taking place immediately around them, are apt to become narrow-minded and bigoted. Individuals are improved by contact with other individuals, nations learn useful lessons from their sister-nations, and in like manner colleges may be profited by becoming acquainted with the changes taking place in other colleges. While we do not disapprove of the "esprit du corps" fostered by the rivalry of the literary institutions of the country, we yet think that there is great danger of becoming partisans, and of under-rating the advantages of our rivals. We believe that Princeton College can in very many particulars stand comparison with the best colleges in the country; yet we are willing to acknowledge that in some respects there is still much to be done in the way of improvement. We give, therefore, in a fair and candid spirit, the following items of College news:

MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY.—We are sorry to see that a student—presumably of this institution—has been convicted of plagiarism on a somewhat extensive scale, having been sentenced to two years' imprisonment in the House of Correction for abstracting letters from a post office box. It is to be hoped that none of the students of Princeton are of such an inquiring disposition. Such intense devotion to the pursuit of knowledge is not always beneficial to the individual or to the institution with which he is connected. We have heard of somewhat similar cases not a hundred miles from our Alma Mater;—but of course we don't believe them!

The students of Michigan Univ. have a peculiar method of securing good side-walks from the municipal authorities. They tear up such as are uneven and out of repair, and thus enforce repairs on an extensive scale. We are afraid that if Princetonians were to try this plan, our worthy borough authorities would wait for us to put them down again. Since our experience here, we have added to the doctrine that "corporations have no souls" the further doctrine that "corporations have no feet;" at any rate, we are convinced that the corporation of Princeton borough are deprived of any such encumbrance. The only wonder is that any inhabitant of the village after a twenty years' residence should still be troubled with any cobs for cobs to grow on. We can account for the "phenomenon" only on the supposition that what are facetiously called "pavements" have not been laid for that length of time. A twenty years' residence would otherwise certainly relieve one from any inconvenience from the aforesaid commodity.

We add for the information of all concerned, the following from the *Chronicle*: "The sidewalk committee of '73 have paid a bill of \$225 for damages. This ought to end that kind of amusement. Let's have a new sensation." Readers may draw their own "moral" from this story.

HARVARD.—The authorities intend doing away with the Spring vacation and making but one term of the whole year, with a recess of three weeks at Christmas and a vacation of three months in summer. We fail to see the advantage of this arrangement. The erection of a large hotel and restaurant is contemplated by the College authorities for the accommodation of such students as may desire to avail themselves of its advantages. It is to be conducted on the European plan, and, of course, "Vin Ordinaire" will be furnished free and other wines upon order. At least, that is our inference. We would suggest to our own authorities that they lease the Mansion House and start in the hotel business, since venerable Harvard has set us the example.

The gymnasium at Cambridge is looking up. Improvements are making in the way of "comfortable bath-rooms, a roomy office, and sparring-room." The students have voted by a majority of 22 to have all the recitations in the morning.

YALE.—Considerable improvements are making in the building line. The "Peabody Museum" is to be erected and a new dormitory to be called "Durfee Hall," and to possess "all the modern improvements."—Chapel services are held at half-past seven in the morning.—Annual examinations in the scientific department are spread through one or two months, one being held every alternate Saturday.

AMHERST.—Three new prizes for excellence in chemistry have been established, the first, forty dollars in money, and the others in proportion.—One of the Professors at Amherst claims that he "can tell all a student knows about a subject, in hearing him utter three words." The *Student* makes the practical suggestion that he should dispense with examinations.

BROWN UNIVERSITY.—Speaking of the proceedings of the Corporation, the *Brunonian* says: "In view of the fact that the dormitories are becoming older and need more constant refitting, and as each student is expected to keep his own room in repair, and as it is necessary to stuff cotton on each side of the windows and in the cracks of the door panels to shut out the too refreshing breezes coming up from Narragansett Bay, it was voted to raise the price of room-rent from nine to twenty dollars per annum." Of course, it would be highly improper for us to refer to the fact that some one hundred students who prefer paying higher rents in town to occupying the few vacant rooms on the first floors of East and West Colleges, with the risk of contracting consumption from the dampness, are required to pay into the Treasury of Princeton College every session from two to four dollars apiece "for rent of unoccupied rooms,"—of which there are about five. It would be equally improper to suggest that this was a polite form of putting the alternative—"Your money or your life." Therefore, we leave the suggestion unmade.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY.—“The North Chapel is probably the finest University lecture room in the country. The new seats are not only elegant in appearance, but thoroughly convenient. They, as well as the other decorations of the hall, are the gift of President White to the students.”—*Era*. Two Russians and a Turk are among those who have lately applied for admission at Cornell. Truly, “Westward the star of empire takes its way.”

COLUMBIA.—The system of “non-grading” lately tried at Columbia and found to be ineffectual is thought not to have had a fair trial, owing to the peculiar circumstances under which it was inaugurated. The “*Cap and Gown*” seems inclined to blame the Faculty for the failure, the examinations being allowed to degenerate into a mere farce.—We are sorry to see that our out-spoken little cotemporary mourns over the abolition of the gown from Columbia. Were it not for its name, we trust it would not have felt called upon to defend a practise long since discarded by our American colleges, as equally unnecessary and absurd. If American students cannot maintain their dignity and assert their intellectual superiority without the aid of a dress handed down from the Dark Ages, we think they had better lose their dignity and acknowledge their inferiority. We congratulate our Metropolitan compeers upon their deliverance from this cumbersome badge of distinction, which has been long ago discarded by the greater part of our lawyers, our ministers and our judges. We hope the time will never return when it will be necessary to distinguish the various castes of American citizens by outward marks and habiliments.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, CONN.—The corner-stone of the “Judd Scientific Building” was laid on the 5th of May.—Out of 153 students, all but ten subscribe for the *Argus*, and some take more than one copy. Think of this, Princetonians! If this could be said of our 320, what could not the Editors of the *LIT.* do in the way of a respectable magazine? But we remember the tenth commandment, and forbear!

ALBION COLLEGE, MICH.—“An oyster, ice cream and maple sugar festival under the auspices of the Eclectic and Atheniades Societies, took place at the boarding hall on Friday eve., April 1st. * * * The net proceeds of the festival were about \$42; which, together with other funds already obtained, the Societies have voted to expend in painting, papering, and otherwise improving their hall.—*College Standard*.—The Seniors are thought to be “making good progress, having completed Butler’s Analogy and Hopkins’ Evidences of Christianity in less than five weeks.” We should say so!

WILLIAMS.—The Junior Class, wishing to hear both sides of the argument, and having heard Free Trade from Prof. Perry, invited Prof. Goodrich to lecture to them on Protection. They ought to be well posted on this sub-

ject.—Owing to dissensions in the class, the Seniors have decided not to have any Class Day this year, and the Juniors have voted to have an exhibition upon the day otherwise devoted to the graduating class.

OUR VISITORS

Have been quite numerous and most of them new acquaintances to the present LIT. Board. We extend to them all a hearty welcome, and if any of them have been inclined to indulge in a little good-natured raillery at our expense, we cherish no hard feelings, and expect none to be cherished against us, should we venture to return the compliment. College periodicals have already become a fixed institution in our country, and, for the most part, are outspoken and progressive. One noticeable feature is the spirit of harmony which prevails among them almost universally. We return thanks to those of our contemporaries who have complimented our LIT., and to the few who have criticized us, so far as it has been done in a friendly spirit. There are two statements, however, very extensively circulated among the college papers, which we feel called upon to correct. The first of these is to the effect that "Jay Gould has given \$10,000 to found a Fellowship in Princeton College." It is due to *Mr. Jay Cooke*, who is in reality the founder of the Fellowship referred to, that he should receive credit for his generosity. The other statement is that "Princeton College expels all students who write letters to the fair sex." This assertion we can state upon good authority to be entirely false. The only foundation for the story must be in the imagination of some "Jenkins" of one of our contemporaries who has been in communication with the "Jenkins" of Princeton College.

Our kind friend, Mr. Monroe, of "Literary Bureau" fame, deserves our thanks for many a hearty laugh at his expense. Some of our exchanges seem to be equally grateful, and will, no doubt, unite with us in a vote of appreciative thanks to the noble-hearted Charles—not so much for his generous offer, as for the mirth-provoking delicacy of language in which the offer was couched. We could not think, however, of accepting the ready-made speeches which he would shower upon us so gratuitously. He has already paid us more attentions than we deserved, and we cannot consent to impose upon his simplicity of heart by accepting the fruits of his persevering toil and the result of his reckless consumption of midnight oil. No! Charles,—we could not hear of it—before we see samples!

The *Amherst Student* is a well-edited and handsome sheet, published every alternate week. We would suggest, however that it is a little behind time in some of its news, as, for instance, in the item that Pres. McCosh is to deliver a course of lectures in Boston,—an item published after the said

course had been delivered, and commented upon by the daily press of Boston and New York. In this respect of publishing late news, it is, however, no exception to the general rule among our exchanges.

We thank the *Brunonian* for its friendly notice of our magazine, and will not complain because it has found matter for commendation in other college periodicals. We congratulate the editors of our dusky cotemporary upon their cheerful disposition, and hope their temper will not be soured by the comments of envious and supercilious exchanges.

The *Cap and Gown* is a very readable paper, the organ of Columbia College. We presume we are indebted to the editors of this paper for the *Columbiad* and would therefore return thanks.

The *Chronicle* evidently believes in free-speech, and has our hearty commendation on that score. In our opinion a college paper which is afraid to speak out its views had better cease to exist. There can be nothing so baneful to a community as hypocrisy and toadyism. We consider a free interchange of opinion and friendly criticism beneficial to both teachers and students in our colleges, and we are glad to see this state of affairs rapidly approaching. We quote the following and heartily concur in its sentiments: "Speaking in general terms, it seems to us that honest, frank and just criticism, made by collegians, upon college studies, college customs, college rules, methods of discipline and instruction, will do much good, in that it will tend to effect a higher standard of qualifications on the part of teachers for their work; will cause the governing authorities to have a higher regard for the opinions, desires, and sentiments of the better class of students; * * * and it will create in students a keener sense of their own responsibilities and duties, and will make them more thoughtful and appreciative of the advantages they enjoy, and the opportunities opened to them."

We believe that right and truth are always secured in the end by a candid discussion,—provided both parties are allowed to take part. Our colleges as at present constituted fail to impart that symmetrical education to the vast majority of students which was originally intended, and, in our opinion, the only way to secure the result aimed at is by awakening the students to a sense of their true interests, and of their individual responsibility for the success or failure of the instruction imparted. Nothing so much tends to bring about this state of feeling, as a free discussion by the students themselves of the methods of education pursued by instructors. The former are thus brought to see that many of the claims of the latter are just and reasonable; while the latter are forced to acknowledge that the complaints of the former are not entirely groundless. And when the students have secured the abolition of what is wrong, they feel it in some measure incumbent on them to sustain what they acknowledge to be right.

The *Cornell Era* bears evidence of being the organ of a new college. We hope it will ever keep pace with the advances made by the institution with which it is connected.

The *Dartmouth* is a well-edited, readable magazine.

The *Harvard Advocate* is a wide-awake, spicy paper—some of the articles in which we might offer as models to our contributors. In some instances, however, the articles carry their lightness to an extreme, which is, perhaps, as culpable as too much of the opposite quality.

The *Virginia University Magazine*. Hardly had we resigned ourselves to the complacency so appropriate to editors, and especially to the editors of the *NASSAU LIT.*, which our exchanges from every quarter were praising its appearance and contents, when our peace of mind was ruthlessly broken in upon by the arrival of the *Virginia University Magazine*. All our self-complacency vanished in a moment. We had indeed indulged the fancy that Princeton College was an institution famed for past and present triumphs, rejoicing in a distinguished Faculty, and possessing an extended curriculum. But, alas! it was a fond delusion! Before the merciless denunciations of our Virginian critic, our airy castles were instantly demolished. The truth was at last revealed! The students—perhaps even the Faculty—are lamentably ignorant of Greek; the attainments required for the classical fellowships are “not as extensive as that possessed by half the boys when they leave the high-schools;” the examinations for the fellowships are a “farce.” Imagine, kind readers, our feelings of utter insignificance as we read these scathing remarks! Never before had we so fully appreciated our total ignorance of classic lore as when we sat quailing before our learned antagonist. Not only is he capable of naming from memory the particular fragment of Pindar in which any given quotation may be found, but he leaves us to infer that when he left his preparatory school he had thoroughly mastered all the classical authors—and many besides—which we, after three years of college life, have been able to investigate. Of course, before such an opponent, who wields with the greatest familiarity the weapons of ancient literature; who has at his command all the treasures of Pindar and Sophocles, and we know not how many besides; who entered college thoroughly versed in the writings of Euripides, Thucydides, Sophocles, Æschylus, and Plato—not to speak of Livy, Tacitus, Juvenal, Terence, and Ovid—before such a prodigy of linguistic attainments we bow submissively and await his inflictions patiently and meekly. If such is the preparation required for entering the University of Virginia, we are ready to acknowledge—what, perhaps, we ought never to have doubted—that this modest University far surpasses in this respect any institution with which we are acquainted. It might be presuming in us to inquire what classics are read at the University of Virginia; or whether—having ex-

hausted the literature of Greece and Rome before the end of their Freshman year—they do not spend the rest of their college course in discussing what *ought* to have been written by the authors of antiquity.

And now, gentle readers, having obtained some faint conception of the astounding erudition of the editors of the *Virginia University Magazine*, you may imagine how keenly we felt their criticism of the preceding number of the *Lit.*; how we were struck with awful amazement at their astuteness of intellect and their depth of wit, how we writhed and squirmed under their merciless blows; and how—when they objected to our motto—we at once gave up the case as hopeless. At length, however, we summoned courage to investigate the matter—for we confess our memory was not equal to the occasion,—and what was our surprise to find that the motto was *not* taken from the 177th fragment of Pindar⁴—as our wonderfully unpedantic critic assured us it was—but was in fact a slightly changed version of the 21st. If any of our readers find it difficult to believe this statement, we would refer them to Heyne's Edition, London, 1824.

As for their criticisms upon the writings of our contributors, we will refrain from any reference to the magazine before us in the way of a retort, but will give them the charity of silence. And now, having set ourselves right upon this point, we wash our hands of the whole matter and put an end as far as we are concerned, to any discussion with the *Virginia University Magazine*.

We are sorry to find the editors of the venerable *Yale Lit.* following the example set them by some of their cotemporaries—in the line of envious detraction. It is beneath the dignity of Yale. We think too well of that venerable institution to credit the assertion of the editors of the *Lit.* in the criticism referred to. That one half of the undergraduates of Yale should not have read the writings of Pres. Edwards or of Pres. McCosh, we can readily believe,—that they should not be aware that this was the birth-place of the electric telegraph, is quite possible,—but that any body of intelligent and patriotic Americans should be ignorant of the existence or whereabouts of Princeton, that the graduates of any ordinary high-school in the country should not have heard of the eminent alumni of our college, from the days of Madison downwards—is, we must confess, incredible. We have too high an opinion of the undergraduates of Yale to believe it possible. We think it due to those of the graduates and undergraduates of that institution whom we have counted among our friends, that we should enter our earnest dissent to this libel upon their Alma Mater.

Williams College is doing well in the matter of periodicals—the *Vidette*, the *Quarterly*, and now a proposed *Review*, to be sustained, we believe, partly by the graduates. We welcome the new paper to the list of our exchanges.

Since our last issue, the *Princetonian* has made its appearance. We give it a hearty welcome. May it continue to grow and prosper and may it ever do credit to the institution it claims to represent.

We are requested by the editors of the last number of the *LIT.*, to state that by a mistake of the printer the item concerning Michigan University was accredited to Pardee College, Mo.

We would acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges besides those already mentioned :

American Educational Monthly, College Argus, College Herald, College Journal, College Review, College Standard, (now Annalist), Denison Collegian, Echoes, Griswold Collegian, Irving Union, Madisonensis, McKendree Repository, Packer Quarterly, Pardee Literary Messenger, Targum, Trinity Tablet, Union Literary Magazine, University Reporter, Wabash Magazine.

We are indebted to the editors of the *Chronicle* for a Catalogue of Michigan University, and to Prof. Cook for his Annual Report as State Geologist of New Jersey, for 1869. We have also received a Catalogue of Lafayette College.

PERSONALS.

[The editors are especially desirous to make this department of the *LIT.* more complete, and toward this end earnestly solicit any items in regard to the graduates and former students of our institution for its columns.]

'26, R. D. Arnold, President of Medical Faculty at Savannah, Ga.

'36, W. S. Bogard, Principal of Chatham Academy, Savannah, Ga.

'41, Hon. John T. Nixon, recently confirmed by the Senate as Judge of the U. S. District Court of New Jersey.

'47, Rev. Samuel J. Milliken has a charge in Sunbury, Pa.

'50, Isaac M. Marsh, practising law in Savannah, Ga.

'53, Ezra D. Parker, a lawyer in Mifflintown, Pa.

'57, Rev. Joshua H. Janeway, farming near Trenton.

'58, Rev. John A. McGinley is traveling in Europe.

'59, Rev. Wm. A. McAttee, preaching the Gospel in Alexandria, Pa.

'60, Rev. J. L. Withrow, Pastor of Arch Street Church, Philadelphia.

'62, Charles G. Nassau, a lawyer in New York City.

'62, Rev. S. S. Orris, recently gone to Europe.

'62, Rev. F. E. Shearer has accepted a call to San Francisco, Cal.

'62, H. K. W. Smith, Supt. of Public Schools, Liberty, Ind.

'63, J. C. Backus, M. D., taking a special course in medicine at Vienna.

'63, Prof. P. Zahner, engineering in the West.

'64, Lewis B. Halsey, though a temperate man, at the bar of Newburgh, N. Y.

- '65, Charles C. Backus, in business, Phila.
 '65, Augustine Breese, a pastor at leisure in Sandwich, Ill.
 '65, M. W. Calkins, a pastor at work in Brownsburgh, Pa.
 '65, Joseph Cross, Jr., a good natured lawyer in Elizabeth, N. J.
 '65, Nicholas English, raising "Old Nick" among the lawyers at Elizabeth, N. J.
 '66, John M. Allis, ministering and marrying at Albany, N. Y.
 '66, J. K. Cowen, first honor man of '66, practising law, Mansfield, Ohio.
 '66, J. A. Cobb, about the public corn-ers in Newark, N. J.
 '66, R. C. Dalzell has the temporary charge of the Edgehill School during the absence of Mr. Cattell.
 '66, D. B. Hunt, M. D., off for Germany in September after professional game.
 '66, Andrew H. Parker has a charge at Reedsville, Pa.
 '67, J. V. R. Hughes, under appointment as missionary to India.
 '67, F. C. Marsh, attorney-at-law in New York City.
 '67, George A. Seeley will go to India as a missionary.
 '68, Jos. Burtles claims the silver cup, in the shape of a five months' boy.
 '68, E. P. Cooper is reading medicine and playing the organ in Paterson, N. J.
 '68, A. H. Fahnestock, recently elected to deliver the Master's Oration in '71.
 '68, H. P. Fowlkes, married, and practising law in Franklin, Tenn.
 '68, S. M. Hageman, supplying Clinton Street Church, Philadelphia.
 '68, E. C. Hood, in Andover Theological Seminary.
 '68, W. F. Howell, attorney-at-law, Moulton, Iowa.
 '68, H. Humphreys, in Harvard University Law School.
 '68, J. M. Poulson, recently graduated from Columbia Law School.
 '68, J. H. Schreiner, selling Schreiner's Patent Engine and Car Replacer.
 '68, W. Scott has opened a coal office in Phila.
 '66, L. B. Voorhees, in Andover Theological Seminary.
 '68, C. S. Withington, kept by sickness from graduating at the Columbia Law School.
 '69, J. T. Finley has hung out his shingle as lawyer in Montgomery, Ala.
 '69, George B. Hope, travelling in Greece.
 '69, L. L. Howell, "polling" Blackstone in Trenton, N. J.
 '69, J. P. Irvin, attorney-at-law and real estate agent, Clearfield, Pa.
 '69, Wm. McKibbin, collecting for the Princeton Alumni Association of Philadelphia.
 '69, J. W. Rosebro, studying theology at-Hampton Sydney, Va.
 '69, C. W. Sloan, reading law in Trenton, N. J.
 '69, Eugene Wells, in business at Goshen, N. Y.

- '70, F. S. Rawlins, in a store in Florence, Nebraska.
 '71, W. J. Bingham, in the President's office of the Penn. Central R. R.
 '71, Thomas T. Hill, farming, at home in Mahopac, N. Y.
 '71, George Macdonald, in A. T. Stewart's wholesale store in N. Y.
 '71, F. M. Orr, junior partner in paper mill, Troy, N. Y.
 '71, T. C. Pears, in paper hanging business, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 '71, A. A. Reeve, studying pharmacy in Brooklyn, L. I.
 '72, A. J. Beekman, residing in Paola, Kansas.
 '72, J. C. Field, on a visit home from his situation in the West.
 '72, R. S. Martin, teaching in Paola, Kansas.
 '73, G. A. Carstensen, at Hamilton College.
 '73, J. K. Wilson, gone to Lafayette College.

Some of our friends having kindly responded to our requests, we have printed many of the names just as they were handed in to us.

LATEST.

SENIOR GYMNASMIC CONTEST.—This long anticipated contest took place on the 18th inst., and was universally pronounced a success. There were six competitors, and their performances were on the horizontal bars, rings, parallel bars, trapeze, in tumbling, and with clubs. Considerable muscle and gymnastic proficiency were displayed in these exercises, by which great credit is reflected upon Mr. Geo. Goldie, our instructor in gymnastics. The first prize consisting of a gold ring, carved with gymnastic emblems and set with a large oval amethyst, and a gold medal were awarded to Mr. J. L. Caldwell. The two other prizes—gold medals also—for the fancy and heavy gymnast were given; the former to J. T. Kelly and the latter to C. J. Parker.

These prizes were the kind gifts of Mrs. J. R. Thomson, of Princeton, by whom they were bestowed upon the successful contestants with some happy remarks.

They may well be proud of their gifts, for both ring and medals are among the prettiest of that description ever made. The design of the latter consists of a gold flat ring, upon which is crossed two well proportioned Indian clubs and two dumb-bells, while around them is entwined a delicately twisted rope, with small rings attached. This is affixed to a pin and hangs over a rich narrow ribbon striped yellow and purple.

BALL MATCH.—The Athletics will probably be here on the 28th of June, to play the University Nine.

EXHIBITION.—There will be an exhibition of 35 picked students in gymnastics next Tuesday, between 9 and 11 o'clock, A. M.; we would recommend visitors to attend.